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*We beg leave to state that we decline to return or to enter into correspondence as to rejected communications; and to this rule we can make no exception.*

NOTES OF THE WEEK.

The centre of interest has this week shifted from the war in South Africa to affairs in China, and general questions of policy on this subject have not occupied so much attention as the actual facts of the situation. About these however there has been the greatest uncertainty. Rumours of the most inconsistent character have been circulated; such as the murder of the German Minister in Peking, the taking of the Legations, or the death of Admiral Seymour, that the British flag was flying on the 18th over the south gate of Peking; the inference being that Admiral Seymour's forces had arrived there. But none of the efforts used to obtain authentic information by any of the European Courts concerned has resulted in confirmation of these reports, and the only real information we have yet is that contained in a telegram read by Mr. Brodrick in the House of Commons on Tuesday night from the Commanding Officer of the "Endymion" at Wei-hai-wei and dated on the 18th. It is with something like the shock of surprise caused by the Krugerian ultimatum that we hear that on 17 June the Taku forts opened fire on the ships of the allied squadron. The tables however were turned a little quicker, for after a six hours' engagement the forts were silenced and occupied by the allied forces. One of the rumours to which we have referred was that Admiral Seymour had returned to Tien-tsin: but this telegram reports that the Rear-Admiral at Taku had no information of it.

Other positive facts of the situation are that all the Powers are despatching additional troops, and there is not the slightest suggestion of international jealousies on this account. British native troops are being sent from India; America is now sending regiments from Manila; and large forces of Russians and Japanese are on their way. Authentic news as to the dangers of French subjects in the South-West, in the provinces bordering on Tonking, show how widespread the danger is becoming. M. François, the Consul at Yun-nan-hsien, telegraphed that he had been prevented by force from leaving for Tonking; that the French and British missions had been burned; that he and his people had been robbed of everything; and that he could not communicate with the Legation. M. Delcassé not being able to communicate with the Consul nor with

the Chinese Government at Peking, sent for the Chinese Minister and requested him to telegraph immediately to the Viceroy of Yun-nan that the Viceroy would be held responsible in his own person for the lives of French subjects; and this the Chinese Minister did. M. Delcassé has stated that fears of complications on the Yang-tsze-Kiang and in Szu-Chuan have diminished, and Mr. Brodrick said in the House of Commons that the Admiralty had made arrangements for stationing additional ships at the most important ports on the Yang-tsze, but no circumstance had yet arisen there making further action necessary.

Since the telegram arrived from the Commander of the "Endymion" Rear-Admiral Bruce has telegraphed from Taku confirming the capture of the Taku forts. He reports the presence of a Chinese Admiral with the allied fleet who had agreed to anchor with the fleet and had put out his fires. No news of the Commander-in-Chief and advanced guard had been received: Tien-tsin was cut off and heavy firing had been heard there on the 17th. Three thousand Russians under a major-general were at Taku and he adds that his communications with the allied authorities was most harmonious. Foreign comment on the situation shows that very similar views are taken everywhere. What the situation was after the Chinese opened fire from the Taku forts may seem rather doubtful; but apparently we are to understand that we are not *de jure* at war with China. A telegram of the "Standard's" Berlin correspondent no doubt states the position, in affirming that the principle of not officially regarding the present situation as a state of war has been adopted by tacit agreement of all the Powers.

Lord Salisbury's speech on foreign missions was one of his most serious and profound efforts, and it demands respectful consideration both from the enthusiasts of missions and the cheap critics of missionaries and foreign missions. The limitation of zeal and self-sacrifice urged upon missionary societies may seem a demand for the suppression of the vital principle on which success in converting the world depends. Such advice, coming from a statesman so deeply sympathising with their aims as Lord Salisbury, must however remove it from the region of suspicion. They may recall also that martyrdom sought for unnecessarily, and without regard to certain temporal considerations, was often disapproved in the earliest days of the Church. No one is more competent than the Foreign Secretary

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to point out that the complexities of modern life give a political air to the purest of missionary enterprises, and that the simplicity and ardour of the original martyr spirit, acting without regard to these conditions, may expose its own work to suspicions which produce martyrdoms and yet hinder conversions. Lord Salisbury emphasised his points by reference to China. We feel more acutely than ever, when we see him on a missionary platform at such a crisis, the nature of the dilemma of the Church on the one hand and the world on the other.

News of the war has been very meagre since the 13th when Lord Roberts sent the account of his engagement with Botha near Pretoria. On the 16th he reported that Botha had retired probably to Middelburg. He hoped that General Buller was at Standerton. The latter, however, continued to date from Laing's Nek till the 20th when his headquarters were at Sandspur twelve miles north of Volksrust. Lord Roberts went on to say in the above-mentioned report that Heidelberg would be occupied from Pretoria shortly. The whole line of railway from Johannesburg through Natal thus being held, he pointed out that the Orange River Colony would be completely cut off from the Transvaal. The west of the Transvaal is settling down satisfactorily; but there still remain the commandoes in the Orange River Colony, east of the railway and north of the line from Ficksburg to Senekal, and the position there remains unaltered. There are reports, not yet officially confirmed, of the blowing up in some unexplained manner of the railway bridge at the Malalana Station on the Netherlands Railway near Kumati Poort, the effect of which is to cut off communication between the Transvaal and Portuguese territories and probably to involve Mr. Kruger in some personal inconveniences. Another sensational report is that Lord Kitchener narrowly escaped being captured on the 14th by a party of the Boers under De Wet near the Rhenoster River.

The new Ministry of Cape Colony is wholly composed of members of the Progressive party with Sir J. Gordon Sprigg as Prime Minister. Efforts that were made to form a coalition Ministry failed; but they prove at least the recognition of its advantages over any other arrangement at this period in the history of the Colony, if the obstacles arising out of the personal differences of the possible members of such a coalition could have been surmounted. We regret that this has been found impossible, but both Mr. Schreiner and Mr. Solomon have declared their intention of supporting the new Ministry in that moderate but firm policy which cost Mr. Schreiner the support of the Bond, and which the presence of Mr. Rose Innes in the new Cabinet as Attorney-General satisfies him will be the policy of the Sprigg Ministry. Substantially if not formally, therefore, there is a coalition of the Progressive and the Moderate Bond parties; and politics founded on race distinction are so far happily modified.

The most important point in Mr. Chamberlain's speech in S. George's Hall was his disclosure as to the General Election and the settlement of South Africa. Let us quote the words. . . . "The issue which has to be decided between us at the next election—whether it comes to-morrow or whether it is indefinitely postponed—is one of the most momentous that has been presented to the people of this country during the present century. It is the question of the future of South Africa, it is the question of the future of the Empire: and when it comes the people of this country will have to decide to whom is to be committed the settlement" &c. Does this mean that as soon as the arrangements are made for the military occupation and administration of the Transvaal and the Orange River Colonies that the appeal to the constituencies will take place on the question whether they are to be governed at first as Crown colonies, or whether they are to be given responsible self-government at once? Or does it mean that the dissolution will not take place until these two provinces have been started as Crown colonies, and that the lines of the future constitution will be discussed at the election? We sincerely hope

the latter, for on the question of "Crown colony or self-government" the Imperialists might easily be beaten, with the gravest results for our South African Empire. We trust that Lord Salisbury will start our new Crown colonies before dissolving: in a matter of this kind no risks should be run.

We are no admirers of "the pedantic cosmopolitanism of Mr. Courtney," or "the philosophical detachment of Professor Bryce." But there is in Mr. Chamberlain's speeches what Matthew Arnold would have called "a note of provinciality," which is of doubtful taste and of still more doubtful policy. Anglo-Saxonism is all very well, but we are a little weary of this perpetual adoration of the American nation, which gives us absolutely nothing in return, and, in our opinion, never will. Is it good manners, or even prudent, to keep on assuring the Continental Powers of our perfect contempt for them, and to quote the words of Childe Harold that "he who surpasses or subdues mankind must look down on the hate of those below"? This language from Mr. Chamberlain to the Liberal-Unionist women was regrettable; but his description of Lord Rosebery was a really happy hit. "If I do understand Lord Rosebery, I gather that his views upon all subjects are the same as ours, but that for some reason unknown to ourselves he prefers not to take an oar in our boat, but to stand upon the shore, and probably back us as the winners."

Mr. McKinley is again Republican candidate for the Presidency, and in spite of his own protests against nomination Governor Roosevelt has been unanimously accepted as the Republican nominee for Vice-President. It is generally believed by the party that he will make the McKinley ticket safe in November. Not only his exploits in the war but his reputation for political purity make him a highly desirable candidate to secure. We can well understand that an ambitious man shrinks from the dignified obscurity of the Vice-Presidency, but one must suffer for one's party. The Republican platform is on the whole a reputable pronouncement. The refusal to truckle with pro-Boer sentiment is to be commended, and the remarks on the proposed Isthmian Canal are refreshingly free from "spread-eagleism." What is said about it is only a repetition of many similar utterances. The McKinley foreign policy is strongly endorsed, and there is a renewed promise of independence to Cuba. A clear issue appears to be joined with the Democrats in the Philippines, which may considerably embarrass the latter when they have to explain their attitude in case of a Presidential victory. There is the usual modicum of party "bunkum," but on the whole this "platform" is much better than we at one time expected.

The indigenous comments on the new Kaisar-i-Hind medal disclose some interesting phases of Indian thought. It does not satisfy the native press even though the first recipients include a Bombay editor. True the gentleman in question is reported to have politely informed the Viceroy that his religious principles will prevent him enjoying the distinction. As the paper which Mr. Malabari edits is not professedly a comic journal—it is in fact called the "Spectator"—it would seem that the Parsee religion must regulate in a bewildering fashion the lives of those who profess it. The Bengali editors have taken wider grounds. These democrats find the new order too democratic. It is "a levelling order" which may compel the very extremes of the social scale to meet in a common list, or rub shoulders in darbar. The Birthday List in fact brought a mere engineer into the same category as the Prime Minister of a native State. Besides, there is a dark suspicion that the medal is a device for getting rid of the claims of private persons, and leaving the two higher orders to be enjoyed exclusively by the Government services. These actual and anticipated abuses lead one editor to the disquieting conclusion that Lord Curzon's creation is in conflict with the eternal fitness of things.

If there is any truth in a story which comes from the Persian Gulf, it would appear that the Russians are

playing a slim game at Bandar Abbas. Having failed by other means to establish a coaling station at the ancient Ormuz, the commander of a Russian gunboat informed the Persian Governor that his ship was so overladen that it must sink unless lightened, in which case he intimated that the Persian authorities would be responsible. He asked accordingly for boats in which he could discharge coal and tow them behind till he could find room in his bunkers. The boats were supplied and filled with coal, whereon the gunboat took its departure in the night and left them to the Persians, who had no option but to take them ashore and stack the coal. When the proper time comes this can be claimed as a de facto occupation of Bandar Abbas as a Russian coaling station from which Russia cannot recede without dishonour.

The deaths of Lord Loch and Count Muravieff, at a time when the Chinese question has passed once again out of the hands of the diplomatists into the hands of the military and naval representatives of Europe, revive memories of previous conflicts both military and diplomatic. Lord Loch's adventures and sufferings in 1860 are part of the story of the struggle which ended in the Treaty of Tien-tsin. Count Muravieff's peculiarly Muscovite methods determined the history of the later conflict between the Powers for supremacy in the North of China. His policy was as frankly anti-British as his predecessor's. There was nothing in common between the British Proconsul and the Russian Foreign Minister. The one was of a gentle, long-suffering, trusting disposition; the other was a keen, impatient, not too scrupulous statesman. Lord Loch as a Colonial Governor was a success chiefly from the social point of view. If he is kept in more tender memory in Victoria than in South Africa, the explanation no doubt is that his Australian Governorship was not complicated by a High Commissionership which demanded methods wholly different from those becoming the constitutional head of a self-governing colony.

One thing stands out clearly after all the discussion on the actual compromises proposed by Mr. Chamberlain, and the possible compromises he may yet propose on the Australian Commonwealth Bill. This is that if they had never been started, as weighty Australian opinion could have been cited in favour of retaining the unrestricted right of appeal as can ever be cited for any possible modifications. Sir W. Anson, after hearing the hopelessly variant opinions of Mr. Haldane and the Attorney-General, wished we could go back to the original determination of the Government. He points out that the clauses, which Mr. Haldane persistently declares to give rise to the most important questions—that is to say the clauses as to the respective powers of the Federal Government and the State, on which there is to be no appeal to the Privy Council—are similar to those that have caused the greatest political difficulties in America. The second compromise is some improvement on the first, but Sir Robert Reid has ground for saying that the difference between any of them and the original Clause 74 is not worth fighting over. Both the clause and the compromises are thoroughly unsatisfactory, and we hope that Australian opinion may yet see reason, from the legal mystifications elaborated in the House of Commons, to prefer the simplicity of the old constitutional Court of Appeal of the Empire.

It would be hopeless to try to make the man in the street understand the rules of the House of Commons, and even Mr. Balfour has admitted that he is a child in matters of procedure. We agree with Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman that the present happy-go-lucky method of dealing with the private member's bill is unsatisfactory, for its fate depends on whether it is referred to a Standing Committee or not, which is a matter of accident. All that the public knows or cares about is that the First Lord of the Treasury has taken the whole time of the House (with the exception of next Wednesday) for Government business, and that he has promised not to bring on any controversial bills save those which have already been discussed by one or the other House of Parliament. Mr. Balfour might

have been more explicit, and as two blacks do not make a white, the fact that he was equally ambiguous on 19 June 1899 is no justification for his refusal on Monday to say what Bills the Government intended to carry this session. Not only members of Parliament, but the public interests affected are entitled to know what measures are to be dropped, as, with all deference, Mr. Balfour might quite well have told us. We think however that money-lenders and promoters may sleep peacefully for another twelve months.

The claims of the Museum Bill to be pushed forward are so strong that we think Mr. Balfour ought to have undertaken to give the facilities required. The Bill is intended to authorise the trustees to deposit copies of local newspapers with local authorities and to dispose of valueless printed matter. Besides this effort to increase the space at their disposal, plans have been prepared by the Trustees for the improvement and extension of the library and reading-room at an estimated cost of £150,000; part of the expenses being provided for by a bequest of £50,000 from the late Mr. Vincent Stuckey Lean. From questions asked in the House of Commons it appears that the Treasury will not consent to ask for the required £100,000 until the opinion of the House has been taken on the Museum Bill. Until this question is settled, therefore, the Trustees are prevented from going on with their plans for the improvement of the Museum. Mr. Morley asked if Mr. Balfour would not give facilities before the end of the session for discussion, if not the passing, of the Bill; but Mr. Balfour has so far refused to make any promise with regard to this as well as any other of the Government Bills.

Once more the weakness of the Government case for the Cromwell statue was demonstrated on Thursday afternoon in the House of Lords. No man is more competent to defend himself than Lord Salisbury, yet on Thursday he could only fall back on the pitiful plea that the vote in the Commons in 1895 was directed against the expenditure of £500 and not against the erection of the statue; that and the scarcely less thin pretence of continuity of policy was all this supremely accomplished debater could urge in extenuation of the Government's misdoings. Continuity of policy! Lord Morris' aspiration that ministries would show as much solicitude for continuity in right-doing as in the matter of the Cromwell statue this Cabinet evinces for continuity in wrong-doing, was very pertinent. As a fact, the plea of continuity is hardly an honest one. The Cabinet was not asked summarily to reject the gift and reverse Mr. Herbert Gladstone's decision. It was only asked to take the opinion of Parliament.

Lord Kimberley's imperfectly suppressed anger showed how hard he was hit by the exposure of the deal between Lord Rosebery's Cabinet and "the anonymous donor, an individual they all knew." It is not even yet realised by the public that the conditions of the gift required that Parliament should be consulted as to the site. Parliament was deliberately not consulted. This condition as to the site was recited by Lord Churchill, representing the Government, in the House of Lords last October and was repeated on Thursday without challenge. Could there be a clearer case of contempt of Parliament? Our First Commissioner of Works watched the debate on Thursday, we should suppose with mingled emotions. He can scarcely have enjoyed, if he could understand, Lord Morris' analysis of his conduct; on the other hand it must have been a real consolation to him to find that someone else could conduct the Government case as badly, or almost as badly, as did Mr. Akers-Douglas in the House of Commons.

If all magistrates took the same view as to what constitutes injuries to health as Mr. Baggallay, the facts necessary to be proved under the Factory Act would have to be left to the common sense of juries; and that is not practically possible. His dismissal of a summons against Messrs. Ritchie and Son, jute manufacturers, for not keeping down injurious dust by means of fans seems of the utmost possible perversity. The employés were working in clouds of dust; the microscope slides

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showed the dust to be full of particles, especially of grit, which must, in the nature of things, affect the lungs and air passages ; workpeople were visited by the doctors who found them suffering from bronchitis ; but Mr. Baggallay sophistically refused to draw the natural inference, because it was not proved that the bronchitis could not have arisen from other causes outside the factory ; or that the cases were not so bad as they might have been. This is mere trifling. It ought to be sufficient to prove that dust of any kind, even if it is what may be called innocuous, is not so kept down by fans that the atmosphere is as nearly as possible at the normal standard. The easy magisterial toleration of injuries to other people's health ought not to be an element in the decision.

The twenty-eighth Hospital Sunday we are afraid is not likely to supplement the funds of the hospitals so largely as these institutions are entitled to expect in more ordinary years. Immense extra sums have been raised by the classes, from whom the Sunday fund is mostly drawn, on behalf of the various war funds and the Indian Famine Relief Fund. At the same time these same classes will have to provide for the payment of the extra income tax which has been imposed on account of the war ; so that there have not only been more demands on private charity but there will be an extra drain on the charitable supplies available for private benefactions. The Hospital Saturday Fund will suffer in the same way by the lessened contributions of other classes of the people ; and to these must be added that other class who were supposed to be reached by the Prince of Wales Fund. When we think of all those combined deficiencies and of the further probability that the subscribers to missionary societies will probably be contemplating extra expenses on account of the ruin of the Chinese missions, we are afraid the prospect for the hospitals is somewhat disheartening. Still Mr. George Herring's fine gift, to which the Lord Mayor calls attention in a letter to the Press, of £10,000 to encourage the raising of £90,000, supplemented by an offer of an additional £10,000 if the latter sum is raised, should immensely stimulate the grace of charity.

Under the shadow of the Chinese crisis operators on the Stock Exchange have naturally shown some nervousness. On Wednesday came the rumour that Admiral Seymour had reached Peking and that the British flag was floating over the South Gate. On this prices were marked up all round, and a better tone prevailed. The absence of any authentic news during Thursday and Friday however revived the general feeling of uneasiness, and on the eve of the Stock Exchange holiday business was at a standstill. Dissatisfaction was felt at the County Council's policy of allotting in full applications up to £500, 50 per cent. on applications under £10,000, and 12½ per cent. on applications for over £10,000. According to this scale an applicant for £9,000 received almost exactly as much as an applicant for £40,000. If we might address a word of advice to so august a body as the London County Council, we should recommend them in future to leave the allotment of their loans in the hands of the Bank of England. The fact that two other municipalities, namely, Cardiff and Southampton, are taking the opportunity of issuing loans shows that the conditions of the money market are favourable.

South African mines on the whole have been steady and the prices of Westralians show a distinct improvement. Crop rumours, the presidential campaign, and the Northern Pacific dividend of only 1 per cent. have been too much for the American railway market, whose prices have sunk steadily through the week. The continued and conspicuous weakness of Dover A's, which have fallen to 73, is solely due to the pecuniary needs of the South-Eastern Railway, which are in their turn due to the egregious policy in the past of starving the line. Surprise has been expressed at the firmness of Chinese bonds, but it is obvious that the strengthening of international control over the Chinese Government must be favourable to these securities. Consols closed yesterday at 100 $\frac{1}{2}$ .

#### THE WORLD IN THE CHINA SHOP.

IT is not the strong States that are dangerous to the peace of the world, but the weak ones, such as Spain, Turkey, and China. They who had watched the prolonged failure of Spain to subdue the rebellion in Cuba realised, long before the United States declared war, that the most ancient colonial empire in the world was destined to pass to another master. The fears aroused by the intervention of the United States were due, not to doubt as to the issue of the struggle, but to speculations as to whether some European Power, Germany for instance, would not appear to dispute with the victor the prize. Similarly, the Turkish Empire has been for half a century a menace to the peace of Europe, for the claimants to the sick man's heritage were many. Now China has suddenly collapsed into the position of the world's invalid, and is likely to prove a more dangerous and troublesome charge than ever was the Sultan of Turkey. Not that we share the alarmist view of the Chinese question that prevails in certain quarters. The very magnitude and complexity of the difficulty that has burst upon the Western world must prevent anything like a permanent settlement, or even an attempt at it, for the present. To put an apparently contradictory proposition, the safety of the world lies in its danger. What differentiates the present Chinese crisis from its predecessors, and from similar crises in Eastern Europe, is that all the great Western Powers, including the United States, and Japan, have acquired certain definite rights and interests, and consequently obligations, in the Celestial Empire. But the Great Powers and Japan are not going to fight with one another over the business, for the plain and simple reason that no Power is at present prepared to take the consequences that would flow from isolated and armed action. Those consequences would not merely be war against one or more of the other Powers, but in the event of victory the administration of a large portion of the interior of China. Is there any of the interested Powers that is prepared to embark upon a policy, whose failure or success would be almost equally disastrous ? Is any Power ready to risk a war for the privilege of governing even a slice of China ? Certainly not Russia : certainly not Japan : while the absurdity of any of the Western Powers undertaking to administer the interior of China is too obvious for argument. For the treaty ports, the cities on the coast, the capital, that is another matter, to which we shall return : but the internal government of China ! The area of the Chinese Empire is computed to cover one-twelfth of the surface of the globe ; it is a fourth larger than the area of the United States, and its population, which is roughly put at 350,000,000, works out at 83 persons to the square mile, while France has 48 persons to the square mile, and the United States 17. The Leviathan tumbles about his unwieldy bulk in the ocean, and whilst "he lies floating many a rood," no one is willing to throw the first harpoon, because no one is ready to take the charge, still less the partition, of his carcase. But if no sane man dreams of governing by foreign officials, whether European or Japanese, this enormous territory packed with the products of an arrested civilisation, will no good come out of the present crisis ? Will the Boxers be put down, as the Taipings were put down, and things resume their former course for another half-century ? We believe that good will issue from the present state of things, much good, deplorable though the loss of life and property might be in the meantime. The Powers of the world have gone too far to turn back from their task : they have set their hands to the plough, but the furrow will not be as long and as deep as some people with a defective imagination seem to suppose. The allied Powers, as they are called, though of course there is no bond but that of common interests between them, are de facto at war with China—the Chinese forts fired upon their ships—and China will have to submit to their terms. Those terms, if we mistake not, will take the shape of regularising the control of the Powers over the central Government at Peking, and over the administration of the rivers and the coast.

The last time that China gave serious trouble to Europe was in 1856. The notices of the life of the late Lord Loch in various newspapers have recalled to the memory of the present generation the stirring events in China between 1856 and 1860, culminating in Lord Elgin's second mission, the advance of the French and English troops upon Peking, and the burning of the Summer Palace. We hope there will be no such painful incident to-day as the capture and imprisonment of Loch and Parkes with their gallant little force. But there might be: we must steel our nerves against the receipt of unpleasant news at any moment, and from any part of the Chinese Empire. As in 1860 France and England forced China to accept the presence of their ambassadors at Peking, so in 1900 the allied Powers, with greater force to back their demands, and with far wider and more definite interests to protect, will compel "the insolent barbarian" to swallow a much larger dose of international control. They must indeed do so for their own protection, for all are agreed that the risk of a repetition of the present outbreak would be intolerable. To give even roughly the details of any scheme of international control would be a futile and presumptuous attempt. The scheme will probably occupy the attention of all the Powers for some months to come, and will tax to the utmost the patience and ingenuity of their most experienced diplomats. It may however be assumed, without any pretensions to a revelation, that the Dowager Empress will disappear as a factor in Chinese politics, and that a fairly large composite force will be stationed for some time in and around Peking and at the mouth of the river. It may be argued that any system of joint international control is doomed to failure; that a condominium never works, as the case of England and France in Egypt proves. We agree that a dual control is dangerous, for one or the other Power must, in the long run, be master. But there are cases when there is safety in a multiplicity of counsellors, and we think China is one of them. There are not the same objections to a quintuple as to a dual control, for amongst six Great Powers like Great Britain, Russia, Japan, France, Germany, and the United States, to say nothing of subsidiary interests such as those of Italy and Austria, there will be a public opinion which cannot but act as a restraint upon the unscrupulous or unruly member. One cause of apprehension at all events has been removed. By the correctness and moderation of her attitude Japan has proved her right to be admitted to the councils and the confidence of the Western Powers.

The points which we wish to emphasise in our view of the situation are these: that there cannot be, from the nature of the circumstances, any radical and permanent settlement of the Chinese question at the present time: that the Powers must proceed tentatively and by small steps; and that therefore the politics of Peking will for the immediate future take the place of the Eastern Question in Europe as a source of interest and anxiety. There will of course be intrigues and rumours of war, but—and this is the second point we wish to make—we do not see any danger of a near rupture between any of the Powers concerned. This latter judgment is based upon the hypothesis that an enlightened sense of self-interest is applied by all the Powers to the problem before them. We think the hypothesis is warranted, because we do not remember a time when the policy of the European Powers was guided with a greater amount of common sense. The German Emperor is in our eyes one of the wisest and safest statesmen in Europe. Contrary to the opinion of many, we believe in the pacific principles of the Tsar of Russia, and in his power to enforce his views upon his ministers. Even if we are credulous on this point, those ministers are far too shrewd to assume the burthen at present of administering even the northern part of China. With regard to France, we are bound to say that M. Delcassé has steered the foreign policy of his country in trying times, and under some provocation, with great tact and self-restraint. Japan is on her good behaviour and will not disobey the other Powers, while the United States are certainly not going to fight for or with anybody.

## AUSTRALIA—THE FOURTH EDITION.

WHATEVER views may be entertained by the man in the street with regard to Clause 74 of the Australian Federation Bill, he will agree with the non-philological Frenchman who was told that the word "aujourd'hui" was derived from "hodie." It is "diabollement changé en route." The changes in question having been as startling in rapidity as they have been contradictory in their outcome, we may be forgiven if we set out the exact wording which this Protean proposal has assumed since the early days of last month. When the "Draft Bill to constitute the Commonwealth of Australia" first reached these shores it contained a clause numbered 74 running as follows: "No appeal shall be permitted to the Queen in Council in any matter involving the interpretation of this Constitution or of the Constitution of a State, unless the public interests of some part of Her Majesty's Dominions, other than the Commonwealth or a State, are involved." To this 74th Clause objection was at once taken and pressed home with the most cogent arguments by the Colonial Secretary while it was defended passionately, and at times almost violently, by the Colonial Delegates. The whole of the controversy except that conducted at convivial entertainments will be found set forth in the Blue-book published in May. The vast majority of the serious journals of this country supported the Colonial Secretary in the position he had taken up, and before long it became evident that an influential and growing body of public opinion in Australia was at his back. The Blue-book in question will be found to contain petitions from important public bodies and trading associations urging the full retention of the right of appeal. New Zealand by the mouth of its Premier and Western Australia, both outside the Federation but possible members in the future, took the same line and at last the delegate for Queensland, supported by his Government, boldly ranged himself with Mr. Chamberlain. His action so annoyed his fellow-delegates that they no longer included him in their deliberations, at all events he no longer found it agreeable to attend them, and the Colonial Secretary made much of his support in the speech he delivered in introducing the Bill on 14 May. Up to this time the attitude of the Government as expressed by Mr. Chamberlain was clear and courageous. As we ourselves pointed out, the acceptance of the Bill by Referendum involved no pedantic insistence by the people of Australia on any clause. "There is no such unanimity of opinion as should make us hesitate," said Mr. Chamberlain; "I believe that it" (the amendment) "is called for in the interests of the Empire." It is true that Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman talked of "flouts" and "rebuffs to Australia" and Mr. Asquith at Colchester made vague and portentous references to the revolt of the American colonies, but they failed to excite any attention, nay, the unfortunate Sir Henry even found himself rebuked by his Australian clients for his over-zeal.

We had then a clear issue and every day showed a growth of support in Australia of the Government proposals which took shape in the Bill printed and published on 17 May. In it the proposed amendment to the original Bill ran as follows. "Notwithstanding anything in the Constitution set forth in the schedule to this Act, the prerogative of Her Majesty to grant special leave to appeal to Her Majesty in Council may be exercised with respect to any judgment or order of the High Court of the Commonwealth or of the Supreme Court of any State." This was the Government position in the week ending 19 May, and, as we ventured to point out on that date, it was the only one possible in the best interests of the whole Empire, a view in which we were supported by the almost unanimous voice of the influential Press of this country.

There are some critics of modern politics who affect to have lost the faculty of surprise at anything, but even these cynics must have felt astonishment on 21 May. On that day, when Mr. Chamberlain moved the second reading of the Bill, he announced a complete volte-face on the part of the Government. The amendment was now to run "No question as to the limits inter se

of the constitutional powers of the Commonwealth and those of any State or States, or as to the limits inter se of the constitutional powers of any two or more States, shall be capable of final decision except by the High Court, and no appeal shall be permitted to the Queen in Council from any decision of the High Court in any such question unless by the consent of the Executive Government or Governments concerned, to be signified in writing." This amendment had every fault it could have—it not only indicated the complete abandonment by the Colonial Secretary of his original attitude, which everyone understood and nearly all responsible opinion approved, but it possessed a fundamental vice, the admission of which did much to disqualify its author from any claim to a place in the ranks of great constructive statesmen. It permitted, nay encouraged, the interference of the Executive with the functions of the Judiciary, the avoidance of which has been the chief boast of the various Constitutions which flourish beneath the English flag. Yet what was perhaps more astounding than the conduct of the Government was that hardly a note of warning was raised in Parliament or the Press. Everyone hailed this "Compromise," which was no compromise, but the abandonment of our position as "Trustees for the Empire," as a model of legislative wisdom, or (in more prudent quarters) a not unsatisfactory settlement. Even Mr. Asquith, whose position as a constitutional lawyer might have led us to expect something better from him, "could not but express his gratification at the welcome announcement" and found it "a settlement which reflected equal honour on the Colonial Secretary and the delegates." Mr. Bryce, late Regius Professor of Law, struck a similar note of eulogy, and we can only imagine that the Opposition supposed their previous utterances prevented them from criticising any proposal which the delegates approved. It is quite incredible that gentlemen of such experience could sincerely have believed so dangerous a proposal to be really a satisfactory solution. We may take credit to ourselves for standing almost alone in pointing out its grave defects. On 26 May we wrote "Mr. Chamberlain's much-belauded compromise on the appeal clauses . . . is one that ought never to have been made." We then went on to insist that new dangers arose under it that were non-existent before and that they would never have arisen if the Government had had the courage of their convictions. On 9 June we said that "there would have to be another compromise in respect of Clause 74." We may therefore not only take credit to ourselves for having, almost alone, maintained our original attitude, but in having pointed out ten days before the latest evolution of this clause that the first compromise could not stand. We may rejoice that the unconstitutional and most ridiculous amendment of 19 May has now ceased to exist but we are far from accepting the last plan of Clause 74 as the best, or even as a reasonable solution of the difficulty. It leaves open boundless fields of controversy and offers possible grounds of grave dispute between the Mother Country and the Colonies, and between Australia and other dependencies. The differences of legal opinion which appeared during the debates of Monday and Thursday last show what discussions may arise ab initio. All this might have been obviated if the Government had held on a course which commanded the assent of public opinion in this country and, so far as evidence has accumulated since, the support of the majority of thinking men in Australia as well as of the rest of the Empire.

Throughout all this unfortunate business the person most to be pitied is Mr. Dickson. The Colonial Secretary after parading his support as of the utmost value suddenly left him "planté là," a spectacle for an astonished Empire. This unfortunate episode leads one to the conclusion that the honoured and trustful guest of the New Diplomacy not only should provide himself with a very long spoon but may have after all to pay the bill himself. We will not be so rash as to assume that Clause 74 has yet reached its final shape. It may still be "moving on" like a Hindu divinity to fresh stages of development. As we have already indicated, the best solution of the difficulty would be found in a frank return to the position of 17 May. We have not

the space to point out the many dangerous complications which may arise under the present arrangement but the whole matter reflects little credit on the constructive ability of our legislators. It is evident that something beyond business capacity is requisite to make an "Empire Builder" and the conduct both of the Government and the Opposition throws a melancholy light on the working of the party system where the interests of the Empire demand unbiased critics.

#### THE PROGRESS OF THE WAR.

THE inevitable lull which precedes important events has been noticeable during the past week. Though of course unlikely to prejudice in any way the eventual issue, the complication in China may have the effect of lengthening to some extent the duration of the campaign. Still when once the Transvaal—as must soon be the case—has been completely isolated from the Orange River Colony, the end of the war must be in sight. Recent events certainly point to Lord Roberts' fine appreciation of the strategical situation. He judged to a man the number of troops required for the occupation of Pretoria and Johannesburg, and he also left behind him a sufficient number of men to secure his communications from all but temporary interruption. It is satisfactory to know that 2,000 stands of arms have been surrendered in Pretoria since its occupation, and that these are being utilised to arm the 3,000 British prisoners which have now been released; but unfortunately the Boers were able to remove as many as 900 prisoners. General Botha's army has retired, presumably on Middelburg, 80 miles east of Pretoria. Before doing this his rearguard was surprised and routed by General Ian Hamilton's mounted infantry. Meanwhile the country district round Pretoria is quietly settling down; and this happy state of affairs is likely to be assisted considerably by the capture of two Boer guns near Rustenburg by General Hutton. The latter place, which is some 60 miles west of Pretoria, was on the 14th occupied by General Baden-Powell. On the following day a column left Pretoria to meet him, and to repair the telegraph line between the two places. On the 18th he reached Pretoria, but two days later returned again to Rustenburg. During his march over 1,000 stands of arms were surrendered to him. At Pretoria and Johannesburg the shops have reopened, and the market is rapidly becoming more crowded and businesslike. Above all it is a source of extreme gratification that railway and telegraphic communication with Capetown is now completely restored. As regards General Hunter's operations, Klerksdorp surrendered to him on the 9th, and subsequently he reached Potchefstroom. On the 18th his advanced column occupied Krugersdorp without opposition, and by now no doubt he has reached Pretoria. Lord Roberts therefore should have at least one additional division at his own immediate disposal. This should simplify the task of isolating the Boer forces operating in the Transvaal and the Orange River Colony. From further South comes the news that Lord Methuen, who was escorting a large convoy to Heilbron, was on the 19th once more attacked by Commandant Christian de Wet. His object was to prevent the column entering the town, but in this he was unsuccessful. Similarly our post on the Zand River was on the morning of the 14th attacked by 800 Boers with three guns. As soon however as General Knox at Kroonstad received information of their movements, he went himself with a small force of all arms, and drove them off. The deadlock in the East of the Orange River Colony still apparently continues, and from that quarter there has been little news during the past week. But when the Boers, who presumably are occupying exceedingly strong positions, have had their retreat cut off—as must soon be the case—matters may then be brought to a climax. From Natal also little news has reached us, but Sir Redvers Buller appears to have begun a general forward movement and his headquarters on the 20th had been advanced to Sandspruit about a dozen miles north of Volksrust. The Laing's Nek tunnel is clear for traffic, and on the 18th a train passed through for the first time.

This should produce important results. For with the railway clear behind him, Sir Redvers Buller's force should exercise a powerful influence over the course of events.

#### THE MISSIONARY PROBLEM.

THE Bicentenary of the oldest Missionary Society in the country is being celebrated in circumstances which chasten enthusiasm with anxieties and misgivings. From China we daily hear accounts of martyrdoms and massacres, which surely bring in their train political consequences of the gravest character. Lord Salisbury's remarkable speech at Exeter Hall on Tuesday last expressed the thoughts which are running in many minds, and the fact that on such an occasion so sound a Churchman should have felt himself compelled to use language so sombre, and even so minatory, may well give pause to those reckless enthusiasts, to whom the record of modern missions owes its worst tragedies, and Christianity its most formidable stumbling-blocks. Let it be granted, as in justice it must be granted, that the missionaries are fully prepared to face the worst consequences of their own intemperate zeal, that if the essential notes of martyrdom be unselfish devotion to principle and disinterested courage, these men are martyrs, that they are unquestionably justified by the precedents of Christian history; still the broad facts stare us in the face that, under modern conditions, the missionary, in spite of himself, bears a double character, and compromises other interests than those which he is concerned to serve, and himself confuses most dangerously the issues of the message which he is charged to deliver. Oriental peoples are on the whole astonishingly tolerant: and, if the provocations to which they are subjected be at all accurately indicated by the reports of speeches of the missionaries, they must have great excuse for the occasional violences in which they indulge: but when the resentments of their orthodoxy are reinforced by the fears of patriotism, as they observe the regular consequence of missionary invasion to be the loss of their independence, or at least the reduction of their territories, it cannot be matter for wonder that they should find it impossible to disentangle the religious from the political element in missions, that Christian converts should be regarded as traitors to their country not less than as apostates from their faith, and that the Gospel should in their minds be generally discredited by the invariable, though properly irrelevant, circumstances in which it is proclaimed among them. It is certain that the attitude of the Boxers, barbarous as it is, commands a certain sympathy among just and thoughtful men, who, though themselves Christians and friendly to Christian missions, do find the political entanglements in which the nation is from time to time involved by the reckless zeal of enthusiasts a very perplexing and repulsive feature of missionary work. How can these provocations be avoided if the Gospel is to be preached at all? and how can these "punitive expeditions" be justified on any known Christian principles? By what right do we lure into almost inevitable massacre the converts whom we make? and with what decency do we make their calamities the excuse for our own "expansion"? We have spoken of China for obvious reasons, but we do not forget that the same difficulties in even acuter forms face us in all Mohammedan countries, notably in the Sudan, which, being but just rescued from the havoc wrought by Moslem fanaticism, is now threatened with fresh confusions as a consequence of Christian zeal. It is not strange that the fervid appeals of the Bishops hardly raise a corresponding enthusiasm, that men are doubtfully asking "Cui bono?" instead of writing cheques for the missionary societies.

When we endeavour to reach some decision on the whole matter, we find it in the first place necessary to make some distinctions. Thus we distinguish between the missions to uncivilised races, and those to races which are possessed of an ancient and elaborate civilisation. Experience seems to justify the former. Africa goes far to compensate for Asia in this respect. It cannot be doubted that the influence of the missionaries

upon the native races in Central and Southern Africa is excellent. They introduce the elements of culture into those barbarous societies, they mitigate the shock of the contact between the savage and the European, they restrain in some degree the ruthless greed of the adventurers who would desolate whole districts in order to get gain, they represent the highest side of Imperial expansion. The Polynesians owe much to the missionaries: they have arrested the decline of the Maories: the Red Indians become civilised under their influence. The missions to the uncivilised seem to deserve all the support they ask for.

But the principal missions are carried on among the civilised races of the East, and with respect to these it is not so easy to reach an opinion. Experience suggests that we should distinguish between the educative work carried on by the missionaries and the evangelistic work proper. There is a consensus of testimony as to the excellence of the first: the worth of the last is much disputed. Preaching in the bazaars does not seem a very rational procedure, nor does it apparently have much success: it is, however, the normal missionary method, and it demands in the missionary no other qualifications than some knowledge of the native language, and such courage as is displayed in every street corner in this country. On the whole we incline to think that the defective training of the missionaries lies at the root of many mischiefs. Of course, in this matter, the Societies are limited by their material. The average missionary strikes us as too often an inferior edition of the average clergyman. It might be thought that the missionary vocation, demanding as is certainly the case very special qualities of mind and character, ought to be pursued rather by the abler than by the weaker members of the clergy. Wherever a really powerful man does take up the work, his success is invariable. The Societies necessarily reflect the wishes of their subscribers: and this fact points to the *fons et origo malorum*. Compelled to raise money, the Societies must kindle enthusiasm and demonstrate success. They do the first by appealing to the prejudices and emotions of Christian democracy at home: they do the last by circulating reports full of exhilarating accounts of progress. The consequences are mischievous in all directions. In multiplying converts for domestic consumption the missionaries are tempted to lower the standard of discipleship, and slacken the reins of discipline. In subjecting the work abroad to the ignorant opinion of the Church at home, initiative is paralysed and convention enthroned. We should place the "society method" high in the list of hindrances to missionary work.

Yet, in spite of so many and grave defects, foreign missions must go on, and ought to be supported. The English race must fulfil its destiny, and carry over the world its own distinctive attributes. Among these, pre-eminently, must be reckoned a version of the Christian religion, which is at once very conservative in essence and very elastic in form. Our presence is necessarily breaking down the religious systems of the conquered races. No consideration can prevent, no caution can postpone this result of our presence. If we are not thereby to inflict the greatest possible injury upon the peoples whom we govern, we must bring them some substitute for their exhausted faiths. Christianity is the only possible substitute: and these missionaries are the only possible agents, through whom Christianity can be extended.

#### OUR TEACHERS.

THE moral of Sir John Gorst's speech in the House on the Education Estimates was this: if the untaught teach the untaught, both will fall into error. This may seem a somewhat elementary proposition; nevertheless it is but quite recently that its significance has been grasped by our guides and preceptors in the science and art of education. The nation cannot be said to have grasped it; the upper classes do not care either way; the average middle-class person thinks the training of teachers a fad; the teachers think that they have been taught; the working people do not think but suppose that because they have been to school somewhere, it is all right. Still, so great an intellectual

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revolution as to imagine that it can matter in the least how you teach a person who is going to teach others, could only be brought about very gradually and must begin from the top ; and that is what is happening, the top in this case being the more intellectual folk, who can see something worthy of thought in the moulding by the schools of the future generation. Unfortunately the most practical of all possible practical things is regarded by "common-sense" people as unpractical. It is the old story of the man who makes a fortune without education inferring that it is the lack of education which made it ; and as money naturally appears to him very much more valuable than learning, he prefers for his children the more lucrative part. Persons thus taught by their own experience and nothing else are very hard to move ; largely because while they are never right, they can never be entirely wrong, while on the other hand the theorist, taught by every master except experience, very often is entirely wrong, a fact which the untrained common-sense man is not slow to take note of. In a democratic country, there can never be popular educational progress until the man of action is brought to see that school is not a department shut off from the business of life, but a great factor in that business. Until now, when the new code has made it possible for elementary schooling to be rational, it was impossible to make him believe that school was a department of life ; for it was not. In the grip of grant-earning and the machinery of cramming, school was a process which began and ended in itself. But there is now a chance of better things. "Progress," as Sir John Gorst said, "is now possible," and to make it actual rests with the teacher, and to make the teacher is the business of the nation. Shall we never learn to "educate our masters" ?

From of old teaching has always been slighted ; unrecognised, it came to think little of itself. It seems to have been the universal belief that anyone could teach, and that no one would teach who could do anything else. To open a school was the usual resource of stranded women. In short, the qualification for teaching others to succeed was to have failed in everything yourself. Especially was this the case with the middle classes ; higher education had great traditions, and elementary education was helped by the recognition of the clergy, always an intellectually trained society, and has since been put in an established position by the intervention of the State. Hence elementary teaching has long been an independent profession rather than the last resource of broken members of society.

But while the position of elementary teachers has been more or less secured and rendered tolerable (it is now in the more favoured circumstances of large towns a good one), their education has been a scandal, so much so that it is very doubtful if the advantages of the new code can be made to tell, until we have a differently and better trained set of teachers. Cramped from babyhood in the swaddling-clothes of subjects, standards, and examinations, the bands tightening as they rose through the stages of pupil, pupil-teacher and training college, and not relaxed on their return to school as qualified teachers, how can they use the freedom now open to them ? Unquestionably most will simply not be able to do it ; though there are doubtless many, few unfortunately in proportion who, of exceptional force of intellect and character and having kept their fetters from doing more than chafe them, will be able unsustained to turn their liberty to account. Conceive the training we have hitherto given to our teachers ! In the first place they are taken from the elementary school population ; a radical mistake to begin with ; it is a fundamental ; it can never be got over ; and the elementary schools can never be what they might and what they should be, until the teachers are drawn from a class, educated in its antecedents, intellectual, and refined in its environment. Having thus started wrongly, it may be unavoidably wrongly, we proceed by the next step to go still more wrong. We select a child of fifteen to be the future trainer of the next generation. With a view of course to removing him to a higher-class school ? Not at all ; with a view to making him, this elementary school-child of fifteen, cram for half his time and turn teacher

himself the other half. He is sent not to a good school but a "centre," where he will be examined individually about twice a year, and crammed unmercifully in order to pass the crowning event of the curriculum, that which is called the "Queen's Scholarship exam." ! Thus it is literally true, as Sir John Gorst has said, that our teachers are not educated at all. They "teach" others having never been taught themselves. Year after year the inspectors, on the whole a very able set of men, report on the unintelligence revealed by the Queen's Scholarship examination, and the injury done to the girls and boys in "cramming up" for it. The process which many of them go through to pass that useless and pernicious test is, in hundreds of cases, positive physical cruelty, and none are more scandalous crammers than the masters at the various "centres" of the London School Board. Out of the children who are strained through this examination it is not possible to make good teachers. The force required is not there. It is enough to wring tears from the angels to think of the painful devotion with which hundreds of young girls and boys are spending themselves and being spent year by year, and all the while they are just disqualifying themselves for the work they mean to do. They are an annual sacrifice to educational stupidity.

At the training college things are better ; even there instruction (and even cramming) plays too large a part, though of course at the age of eighteen and onwards there is legitimate field for wide instruction, provided that the intellectual soil has been prepared, which in the case of would-be elementary teachers it never has been. But in the colleges, and especially residential colleges, personal influence plays its part, and the common life. And they usually rest on a religious basis. The Bishop of Rochester did not overrate the usefulness of these colleges at the S. Gabriel's College meeting on Friday week last, an institution one need have no hesitation in welcoming. Of course, the general training of a University such as Oxford and Cambridge is very much better, for the technical part of a teacher's course is of far less importance than the educational. But with the material we now possess Oxford and Cambridge are impossible. At the training college life should be made as happy as possible ; games should be encouraged ; and there should be music and flowers. There should be a lightness about the life, for elasticity is a necessary element of good work, which in these colleges is always far too hard to allow of elasticity degenerating into indolence. The school teacher's life is a round that tends to be monotonous, and its calls on energy are great ; therefore those who are to take it up need all the vitality possible, whereas now the "training" has too often taken all the "spring" out of them or ever they begin their life's work, as anyone who has watched them at work will bear witness.

#### "POUR LA PATRIE!"

POSTERS occupied the walls of Paris in early May. They were red ; or they were green. They were huge ; or they took the form of strips. They expressed the views of a Nationalist ; or they unfolded the programme of a Republican. And, as the day of the Municipal Elections approached, they grew louder in colour and tone and ran over one another. Mean tricks were perpetrated by those who put them up, at unearthly hours chiefly, when no one was about. The bill-posters of the Republicans distorted the announcements of the Nationalists, while those told off to protect the interests of the last completely covered up the rival sheets. It was a game. It was a question of who should arrive and distort first. Had Parisians watched the proceedings, they would have been entertained by the extraordinary spectacle of bill-posters, dozens of them, speeding along beneath a starry sky with brushes, ladders, and pails of paste. In the morning, passers-by enjoyed the night's work. It amused, or it stirred them. It flattered them also perhaps ; for each poster pleaded eloquently for their vote. And then it was pleasant to be asked to put down traitors ; glorious to be invited to protect the

army, sublime to be called upon to vote "pour la patrie :" France herself. " Rally, citizens . . . Rouse yourselves, citizens," concluded the posters. " And—Vive l'Armée ! Vive la France ! Vive la République !" Everywhere the same pleas, the same patriotic mottoes were to be encountered. Nationalists attacked Republicans ; and vice versa. One was a scoundrel ; another a liar, a third was implicated in the Panama scandal and therefore a thief. It was a cry of " Citizens, vote for me—only me. You will never regret it. You will rejoice afterwards that you did." It was a matter of " Here I confront you upright and honest with clean hands. I am a child of the Quarter. Have me. I am wholly yours." It was a question of " Consider well, and choose. Two men require your vote. One is an infamous blackguard who would sell you to Germany. The other has but one idea : France. Citizens, I salute you. With my hand on my heart, I await the result. A bas les traitres ! Vive la France !" And, a fortnight later, it was a time of Nationalist rejoicing and Republican ennui : so that M. Déroulède in the distance sent feverish telegrams ; so that return messages, equally vehement, were despatched by his successful followers ; so that these paid their exiled chief a visit at Saint-Sébastien, so that the Hôtel de Ville became chiefly possessed by a quantity of delirious " citizens " who, in returning thanks to their constituents, again promised to protect the army and proclaimed themselves once more to be heart and soul " pour la patrie."

Patriotism spread. Telegrams circulated. Banquets and meetings were held, at which enthusiastic cries went up. One would have thought that France was veritably on the verge of some deplorable disaster ; else, why should elderly men talk of traitors, of conspiracies, of immediate action ? How pale the telegraph clerks at Saint-Sébastien must have become ! How weary the wires must have grown of the message " Vive la France !" and the invariable reply " Vive Déroulède !" What splendid profits the postal authorities must have realised ! Days passed ; weeks—" énervés," we abandoned favourite haunts where the Nationalist Conscience now prevailed ; utterly worn out we took to the Luxembourg Gardens, and secured a seat. There, at least, no one would raise his voice angrily ; only nurses, children, and superannuated spectators were about. We might dream. We could gaze placidly on the follies of the innocent. We could watch balls bounce ; hoops bowl ; castles rise out of dust. And we were soothed. And we smiled in our chair. And we beamed. And we returned the great ball to the atom in white who, with a mighty effort, had hurled it in our direction. And we felt that we ourselves could play with stones and spades and pails. Hoses performed ; it was fresh. Sparrows hopped about ; it was rural. Yet, only a stone's throw away, men were no doubt perusing Déroulède's last telegram, and applauding it, and—. " Messieurs," said a voice behind us, " je suis pour la patrie." Three friends accompanied the speaker : and all four were flushed, and stout, and strong. They crushed their chairs. They spoilt the peace of the path. They were out of place. They were blind to the balls ; deaf to the children's shouts, untouched by the amazing architecture that had been so skilfully made out of the dust. " La France," went on the speaker ; and we tried to concentrate our attention on the worthy soul who held a hose. " Mais notre brave Déroulède," he continued ; and we turned our eyes upon the knitting of a nurse. " Des canailles, des traitres, des vendus," ferociously chimed in one of the friends. And we rose. And we fled, leaving the Luxembourg Gardens no longer peaceful, and the Nationalists to finish their discourse and send off a feverish telegram to Saint-Sébastien. . . . Hastening, we came upon the " Closerie des Lilas " where boxes of evergreens and tall trees rise, and where the tables and chairs stretch farther than those of any other café. Only amiable people gathered here when we patronised the place last year. An habitué explained the merits of the place to a friend, saying : " Ici on est paresseux. On se repose. On rêve. On respire un bon air, et voilà." And we sought a corner. And we soon felt at peace again. And we smiled through sheer happiness once more when we saw a nut man—a beginner perhaps—pass to and fro

uneasily, without daring to approach, beneath the trees. Here was seclusion. So sacred was the spot that even a nut man did not venture too near it with his dismal goods. Even the camelot at the corner seemed soothed by his surroundings ; one could scarcely hear his cry. And the consommateurs rarely spoke. And when they did their voices hardly rose above a whisper. And good householders took air opposite in déshabillé at a window or on a balcony. And we resolved to come here always, and to abandon the Luxembourg, and to—. " Moi," cried a new arrival immediately, " je tiens à ce que tout le monde respecte la patrie." " Bien sûr," replied his companion. " Moi," continued the first, " je trouve que c'est honteux que notre bon Déroulède reste en exil pour que l'on livre notre pays à l'étranger." " T'as bien raison," answered the other. " La patrie —." But again we rose ; again we fled, farther this time, to another quarter which boasts a dim and modest café renowned for its beer. Still seeking seclusion, we installed ourselves behind a stove. Flowers stood upon it. A poster attached to it somewhat alarmed us by advertising a gigantic patriotic meeting under the " honorary presidency " of MM. Paul Déroulède and Marcel Habert. Still, the proprietor, a portly, pleasant soul, had no doubt been persuaded against his will to place it there. Clients came in : prosperous men, several of them, with sticks. They knew one another. They appropriated the same table. They drank bocks. They seemed to be waiting for someone. They appeared relieved when a large man entered, and cried " Le voilà." " Bock," he said ; and the waiter brought it. After quaffing, he struck the table with his stick, rose, and began : " Citoyens." Applause already interrupted him. Quite despairing, we drooped. " Citoyens," he went on, " we have assembled here this afternoon to address our congratulations to our new Municipal Councillor. Those in favour of the address are requested to stand." All stood. All applauded. And the measure was carried unanimously. Too prostrated to retreat, we remained behind the stove. Many speeches were made ; many movements passed, but our senses had received so many shocks that we could only grasp the words " Citoyens," " Déroulède," " Traitors," " Patrie," " Vendus," " France." Nor had the meeting broken up when at last we left. Vehement applause startled us again as we opened the door : telegrams, no doubt, were being addressed to the Nationalist chiefs.

And, in the midst of our distress, we reviewed our reminiscences of these chiefs. They were many, and they were startling—they had to do with astonishing adventures and amazing escapades. First, we saw François Coppée feeding the birds in the Luxembourg Gardens on choice crumbs. That was before he mounted platforms ; wrote to the " Libre Parole," and embraced Marchand publicly on his return. Then, we saw Jules Lemaître, a polished critic, respected as a logical, cultivated man. That was before he became President of the Ligue de la Patrie Française. Afterwards, Gyp appeared before us as an audacious writer skilled in " smart " and spirited dialogue. That was before she was lured to a lonely château which, accompanied by policeman, she is still endeavouring to find. Eventually, we saw Déroulède, always a fanatic, but an adept at writing poems that dealt with the trials, moods, and emotions of the " piou-piou." And that was before he addressed a crowd from Jeanne d'Arc's statue ; before he cried " A l'Elysée, général ! à l'Elysée !" before he sent feverish messages from his place of exile in Spain. Others passed before us : Drumont peering out of his spectacles with mean and malicious eyes ; Rochefort holding forth in terms that even cochers would scarcely employ ; Jules Guérin surrounded by arms first in the Rue Condorcet and then in the Rue de Chabrol. Chiefs, all of them—Nationalist chiefs, principal founders of the now strongly developed Nationalist conscience. How or why they have become haunted with the notion that France is in the hands of traitors is a problem that we do not attempt to understand. Whether they are sincere is another question that we should prefer to leave unsolved. All we know is that their following is large, that their power is considerable, and that both are increasing

every day. In the distance, M. Paul Déroulède watches and waits. Here, in Paris, his disciples keep him informed as to what is going on. Telegrams pass to and fro. Banquets are held at which cries go up. Papers report them. Boulevardiers discuss them. Orators refer to them in glowing terms and tones. And we, watching this animation, expect to be jostled on the boulevards again when the lamps of the Exhibition are eventually put out: and, "comme autrefois," see ourselves running with the police and Garde Républicaine in full pursuit, see ruffians rejoicing, see Nationalists struggling, hear them hailing their delirious leaders as protectors of the army and friends of the "patrie" beneath the evil offices of the "Libre Parole."

#### UNIVERSITY CRICKET.

THE summer is now so far advanced that one's thoughts naturally turn to the great event of ordinary seasons, the 'Varsity match. Not only to Oxford and Cambridge men, but also to all those who take an intelligent interest in amateur cricket, it is the most interesting of all matches, not excepting the Gentlemen and Players at Lord's. For even the latter is surpassed in novelty by the inter-'Varsity contest; since, roughly speaking, the latter is the only match in which many new figures annually make their entry upon the stage of first-class cricket. The ordeal is exceptionally severe, the standard of play, which necessarily varies greatly, is at times very brilliant and rarely falls below that of most county teams. Indeed there is no match in which the ignorant patronage of the reporter is more misplaced. We believe—and we have high authority to support the view—that if 'Varsity teams regularly played a long series of games with the counties, the comparative result would not be favourable to the latter, or in other words, that the former would be high on the list when the season came to an end. This would be due to the superior fielding and the superior morale of the 'Varsity elevens.

As far as wins and losses are concerned Oxford has been by far the more successful this season, but though we incline to the belief that the Dark Blues are the stronger team, it is not upon this fact that our opinion is based. Cambridge has played seven matches, beating a weak M.C.C. eleven, being fairly overmatched by Webbe's team and Yorkshire and Sussex counties, holding her own with London County in one game and getting hopelessly the worst of it in the other. Oxford has beaten Webbe's XI., whose side was certainly weaker in batting than that which defeated Cambridge, has completely smashed a weak London County, beaten Worcestershire, drawn with Somerset, and snatched a really brilliant victory from Sussex, not nearly so strong a side as Yorkshire. But the results of the matches are not reliable guides. It is because Oxford has shown superior form individually and collectively that we give the verdict in their favour.

Looking first at the bowling, we have on the one hand Bosanquet, White, Knox, Humphreys, Crawford and Munn, as against Scott, Wilson, Hind, Dowson, Driffield and Fernie. Bosanquet and Scott are both right-hand and the fastest bowlers on their respective sides, but the latter will have to do much better before we can class him with his rivals. Fernie and Knox are both slow right, but their styles are different and while Fernie's main and rather obvious device is the wide off half volley, Knox's leg breaks, though he is far inferior to Hartley, require coolness and decision to play—qualities not easily practised in the 'Varsity match. White, right-hand medium with a high kicking action and a tendency to "go away," will, we fancy, prove a more awkward customer than Wilson, who strikes us as an inferior imitation of that excellent cricketer, his brother. If Fernie plays, one of the Cambridge left-handers will have to stand out, and in that case the choice will lie between Hind and Driffield. Hind is a bowler who has failed to fulfil the promise of his first year. He is straight and rather commonplace, likely to get a wicket or two, but not really dangerous. Driffield has done one great performance on a bowler's wicket; to judge from his later analyses he is not

deadly on a hard ground, and as a bat he appears to be inferior to Hind, who has the experience of two 'Varsity matches to help him. The Oxford left-hander, Munn, has done well of late, but unless his superiority to Crawford is very marked he must give way to the latter's batting. Humphreys, the Oxonian, medium-right, bowls a very good ball and has improved in length. On his day he is apt to upset calculations, but he is uncertain, and consequently not a good fourth to Bosanquet, Knox and White. Moreover a good left-hander is needed for the sake of variety. If he can be found the Oxford quartet will be hard to beat. We have purposely left Dowson to the last. He is probably the best all-round cricketer on the Cambridge side and is worth his place for his batting alone. As regards his bowling we must confess that he has hardly come up to the high expectations formed of him at Harrow. He is very straight—too straight if anything—he keeps a capital length and varies his pace a good deal. But he did all this when he first played for his school, and since his appearance in 1895 he does not seem to have come on as much as was hoped. He has endurance, he can keep down runs and generally ends up with a decent analysis, but he is not a démon and therefore unlikely to decide the fate of a match. His best performance was against Surrey, but he had a bad time against Sussex and London County. We believe him to be the best bowler at Cambridge, the best of a moderate lot.

The batsmen are less easy to judge. The best Cantabs are in our opinion Day and Taylor. The latter is the more trustworthy of the two. What strokes he has are good, and his defence is thoroughly sound. Day has a pretty style but he lacks on-strokes and can scarcely be called a consistent scorer. Stanning played a fine innings against the M.C.C.; Wilson is a dull but useful player; Daniell appears to be a real acquisition and Dowson is a capital bat, very correct and reliable, who will perhaps make a greater name as a scorer than as a trundler. On the Oxford side we have a powerful array of very dangerous men. Pilkington is a fine bat, with plenty of beautiful strokes. It is time he got some runs. Champain is capable of getting a hundred against any bowling and for variety and resource far surpasses any of his opponents; he has never been lucky at Lord's, so there is all the more likelihood of his getting runs this year. Foster's remarkable run of centuries shows that he has greatly developed in strength and skill; he is a good man at a pinch and is fast learning to play on a bad wicket. Knox and Bosanquet, unattractive as they are as stylists, are both effective. The former combines a strong defence with startling off-strokes; the latter hits with great power and can knock bowlers to pieces when he gets set. Marsham, the Etonian, is very promising. The Hollinses, Lee Williams and Wyld are candidates for the doubtful places. Of the fielding little can at present be said. Mistakes and slackness are not usual accompaniments of 'Varsity cricket. The wicket-keeping at any rate will be well cared for. Taylor is quite excellent, and Martyn has been described by some of the highest authorities as altogether out of the common run. His stumping is said to be extraordinarily accurate and brilliant.

To sum up. Unless Cambridge manages to find or develop exceptional talent in the course of the next fortnight Oxford will go into the field a stronger side all round. We can only hope that the match will be played on a hard true wicket and not terminate as in 1899, when a dull game ended in a most unsatisfactory finish.

In a recent article we suggested narrowing the bat as a corrective of the length of modern matches. Mr. W. J. Ford's remark that this could only be done if perfect conditions could be guaranteed does not take us much further. It seems to us rather a question of the proportion of easy wickets to difficult. We believe that in an average year the former far outnumber the latter, and that by adopting the alteration more would be gained than lost. Nor do we admit that a reduction of half an inch or

"A Cricketer on Cricket." By W. J. Ford. London: Sands. 1900. 2s. 6d.

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less would render the batsman helpless on a bowler's wicket. It would on all grounds diminish his chances, on difficult pitches in an increased ratio to easy ones, but it would not make defence impossible. Nor can we admit the practicability of Mr. Ford's scheme for finishing matches. We do not think that the supposititious Yorkshire could fairly be asked to get 200 runs for the loss of three wickets under conditions more trying in every sense than those under which the runs were got by the supposititious Surrey. We believe that most cricketers would regard such an arrangement as too artificial and destructive of the principle that each side should do its best with its full strength, eleven men. But perhaps we are taking Mr. Ford too seriously. His book is worthy of the attention of cricketers, for as a rule, notably in his chapter on "the position of the professional," he talks sound sense. The weakest part of his book are what we may call the historical chapters. With the exception of the paper on great hitters nearly all might have been omitted. He tells us nothing about the Australians that has not been said or written before, and the same remark applies to his notes on the men "who established reputations in 1899." As a statement of personal opinion they may interest, but they are either too old or too premature to have a lasting value.

Let us conclude by congratulating the author on his description of Turner's action. "Flowing" is an admirable epithet for the noblest style ever seen on modern cricket grounds, which in its abounding energy and grace more resembled the sweep of a wave than the movement of a man.

#### THE HANDEL FESTIVAL.

LET me imitate my jaded brother of the Daily Press in his most frequent mood, the mood in which the commonplace and the curse of the commonplace seem to rest on his weary shoulders as an unendurable burden. To work then, thus: The attendance at the Crystal Palace on Tuesday was, of course, the largest on record. This is the case at every Handel Festival. The Halle Maestro is endeared to the hearts of thousands of his countrymen (we mean Englishmen) by many associations. Those of us whose memories can hark back to Signor —'s singing of "He shall feed his flock" in 1501, long before the mighty impresario was born, or Madame —'s fiery rendering of "Thou shalt break them" in 1745, feel that were the "Messiah" suddenly removed from the Handel Festival programme something would be taken away. Something, we may add, that nothing else could fill. On Tuesday the chorus sang remarkably finely, considering that it had had virtually no rehearsal whatever. Mr. Manns looked as young as ever and Messrs. Santley and Lloyd were in fine voice. Madame Albani's prayerful singing of the overture was above all praise, and Miss Clara Butt did very well for so inexperienced a singer of oratorio music. It is true that —. But no, reader; it is useless: I cannot sustain the rôle. I cannot prove the "Messiah" to be the greatest work ever written by showing that seventeen thousands (or, for that matter, millions) of people went to the Crystal Palace to hear it. I cannot admit that Mr. Santley's voice shows little sign of wear, that Madame Albani sang in tune, that Miss Butt was worth, both in voice and in art, less than all the other singers lumped together, that the choruses were accurately given and effective. These things are the things that are not. It is impossible for a fair and competent critic to concede that the Handel Festival is a laudable and artistic institution, or that its success with the provincial public, which comes to London specially for it, demonstrates anything more than the hopelessly benighted condition of the provinces. That the Festival is admirably managed on the business side, I admit; that it is financially successful, I hope (for the sake of the shareholders in the Crystal Palace company, to whom my sympathy in this their hour of distress goes forth); that it has anything to do with art, that it does anything for music in this country, I emphatically deny. It is a brick wall erected in the path of progress.

This may seem a little downright and sweeping; so allow me to go a little into detail. A few weeks ago an amazing document reached me. It informed me that "the triennial Handel Festival may be justly described as the greatest and most important musical organisation of the nineteenth century." Further, it stated that the Festival "will be conducted on the same lines as its precursors, and will be carried out according to rules which, from repeated observance, have come to be regarded as canonical," and that "the two greatest and most celebrated of all Handel's oratorios, the 'Messiah' and 'Israel in Egypt,' could not be omitted from a Handel Festival programme; to do so would be as intolerable as 'Hamlet' with Hamlet left out." Now, to begin with, I ask in what sense the Handel Festival is the greatest and most important "musical organisation" of the century? Does Bayreuth not count? and what of the provincial festivals where at least from time to time a few new works are attempted? The claim is absolutely unsupported; it is simply ridiculous to call an artistic institution "great" merely because a large number of people take part in it. In this pamphlet, issued by the organisers of the Festival, we find a very heavy indictment brought against the Festival. Handel wrote a vast number of oratorios and operas; yet it would seem that two out of three days must, for ever and ever, be devoted to precisely the two best known of his works; and this is considered a fine way of honouring Handel. Moreover, to continue the customs and habits formed in the darkest days of English music, and to say they have become through repeated use "canonical," is to arouse suspicion at the very outset as to the fitness of those concerned to direct any artistic enterprise whatever. And at the actual concerts these suspicions are more than justified. Here is the music of Handel, written for a very small number of performers, demanding as much accuracy, delicacy of light and shade, emphasis, sheer strength, phrasing, as any music ever written. It is given over to a huge band and chorus—a band and chorus, by the way, in which the relative strengths of the orchestra and chorus in Handel's day are rudely inverted; of the band a good half, I should say, is incompetent; parts of both band and chorus are so far away that it is absolutely impossible for them to keep in step with those who are nearer to the conductor; and the only plan of keeping them even approximately together is that of adopting in every case the slowest tolerable tempo and of never indulging in such a luxury as a pianissimo. Every movement is reduced to a dead level, every movement goes along on leaden feet; there is no vivacity, nor colour, nor expression. In that huge space a chorus of twice the size would make no greater effect: a crash like the crash demanded at the words "Wonderful, Counsellor" in "Unto us a child is born" is quite out of the question; nor is there any great mass of tone in the broad choral passages. The Handel Festival performances are tame, utterly tame: that is the proper phrase to apply to them. Tuesday's rendering of the "Messiah" was not an exception to this rule. There never was any real force in the choral singing; very often I trembled lest the whole thing come to an inglorious collapse; and on the whole one was impressed with the fact that Mr. Manns was doing his best in very difficult, in impossible, circumstances, and that the result was too painful to be worth all the pains taken. As for the soloists, Mr. Lloyd sang not altogether badly; Mr. Santley sang in the middle-Victorian style which meets with the approval of the chorus, from which the bulk of his applause came; Miss Clara Butt was altogether charming, though she showed at times a slight tendency to sentimentalise in the middle-Victorian manner; and Madame Albani sang in a way which made me reach for my hat and precipitately bolt from the hall. I like an occasional note in tune; and I confess to being prejudiced by a lady who comes on during the applause following a chorus and calmly bowing, thus appearing to take all that applause as intended for herself. But, even apart from Madame Albani, the whole thing was dismal, and I was heartily glad when my artistic conscience whispered that I had endured more than enough and it seemed the correct thing to make for the Victoria train. It is impossible to

calculate the artistic harm done by the Handel Festival. Innocent folk crowd up from the country and have a very low standard of excellence in performance foisted upon them as the very highest ; they go away thinking Handel's "Messiah" the latest word in music. I have so often written about Handel here that it is scarcely needful for me to say how high is my admiration for one of the greatest men, if not the greatest man, the world has known. Merely I object very strongly to poor performances of a limited quantity of his music being given to our unfortunate country cousins as the tip-top things in music. Our country cousins had better attend an ordinary orchestral concert conducted by Mr. Manns, or even a "Ring" performance at Covent Garden.

The Opera continues to drift along in its uncertain, unhappy way. For nearly a fortnight Jean de Reszke has been unable to sing, and the management has suffered, as certainly it deserved, the fate of them who put their trust in stars. Commonplace operas rendered by commonplace singers have been the rule. I wish it were possible to believe that the result has been a money loss. It is with the greatest reluctance I say it, but after watching the Syndicate from the commencement of its ignominious career I am compelled to think that artistic considerations are not considerations at all with it, and that the pocket is the only thing thought of at Covent Garden. There are never enough rehearsals, because the Syndicate cannot afford them, because the Syndicate must earn its thirty-three per cent. dividend. "Don Giovanni" is given in a burlesque form, without Mozart's harpsichord accompaniments, because to use the harpsichord might take a ten-pound note out of the thirty-three per cent. The "Ring" is done badly for want largely of a few things which cannot be bought lest the thirty-three per cent. suffer. Of course I am told that the thirty-three per cent. amounts to a very small sum. But that makes the offence worse. There may, for all I know, be something fine in being careful about thousands or millions ; there is nothing but the shabbiest meanness in grubbing to save halfpence. The half-pence would do great things for Covent Garden ; but the Syndicate hungers after the halfpence at the same time that it poses as a self-sacrificing saviour of art. It is a kind of art-philanthropy and thirty-three per cent. "Messaline" cannot be done this year because of the thirty-three per cent : the singers would have to be specially engaged. It matters nothing that "Messaline" is by far the most important opera written by an Englishman since Mackenzie's "Troubadour" (which might be produced also but for that accursed thirty-three per cent) : on the whole it works out a little cheaper to do "Faust" with a few unimportant, inexpensive singers to a small house than to engage first-rate people to sing "Messaline" to a large house ; so "Messaline" is turned out into the streets. I am sick of this sordid money-grubbing. It is to be noted that when the artists are already here, especially if one of the artists happens to be a star-singer of the first magnitude and no actress whatever, not the slightest difficulty is made about producing so worthless an Italian work as Puccini's "Tosca." I thought "La Bohème" was bad, but this is one step lower. During the past week nothing of any importance has been done. Meyerbeer's vulgar and hopelessly old-fashioned "Huguenots" was given on Monday ; and on Wednesday I heard Scheff sing charmingly in "Don Giovanni." It is a tiresome business : I wish the season were ended.

J. F. R.

#### HELLAS VIA BRADFIELD.

**T**HE gods are dead—they, who were deathless. More than one writer has tried to explain this contradiction by evidence that, though Olympus is a desert now, the gods still live on. Heine, Pater and many others have been convinced that the gods do actually live in our midst, humble and unrecognised, earning daily bread by the performance of such odd jobs as their former state may have made them fit for. Vulcan, it is said, works to-day in some village-smithy, Mercury is a Queen's Messenger, Pan is attached to a Punch and Judy show. A fascinating belief ! I myself am among the converts to it. Also,

being of a habit both sentimental and sanguine, I hope and believe that I may yet live to see the day when these ex-Olympians will be able to throw off their disguises, and to rule over mankind, and be honoured by it, as in the past. But I cannot deny that my cult is a tiny one. Most people, obviously, believe the gods to be (if they ever existed) dead as door-nails. I have never seen so crude a sign of this general scepticism as in the overt theatre of Bradfield College, whither I went, last Tuesday, to see a performance of the "Agamemnon." This theatre, you must know, is within a stone's throw of the College Chapel. It is an exact replica of a real Attic theatre, and in the midst of its round orchestra stands a little white altar, green-garlanded, inscribed with the legend ΔΙΟΝΥΣΟΣ. Thereon burns a flame—a little flame, pale under the sunlight of an English June. From time to time, (even as in Hellas, centuries ago), the Coryphaeus tends it, shifting the fuel so that it burn brighter. In Hellas, however entralling a play might be, the actors never forgot that their first duty was one of reverence to him from whose worship drama was evolved ; and here, at Bradfield, the old reverence is scrupulously reproduced, under the supervision of the Headmaster. He sits there, the Headmaster, watching the play, clad in the scarlet robe worn by him in a Christian university ; and among the audience, seated on the stone benches which rise in circular tiers around the arena, are many other clergymen, most of them accompanied by wives, sisters, offspring, pupils. The white altar stands there in the midst, with its garland and its legend and its constant flame ; yet not a word of protest is uttered, not a brow contracted. Imagine what would happen if this were a community of early Christians, of men still going in fear and hatred of the idols which they had shattered ! But here, in 1900, it does not occur to anyone that there is anything at all dangerous or apostatic in rites performed round the altar of the son of Semele. The clergymen beam through their archaeological glasses—"very curious and interesting ! Very well done indeed !" I hope poor Dionysus (now clerk to a wine-merchant in Oxford Street) had not got a day off, last Tuesday, to see this play. The sight of it would have been the last blow to his pride. Even in his helplessness, he might have been tempted to do something rash—he, whose nature was so resentful of any disrespect that he sent a hideous madness on Lycurgus of Nemea and caused Pentheus of Thebes to be torn in pieces by the fauns. In none of the gods was pride so jealous as in that twice-born god. I have often thought how bitterly he must have chafed at the development of the drama—the transformation of those aggressive revels, held for him, into an artistic celebration of other gods and of mortal heroines and heroes. If ever he go to the play nowadays, he must surely find a grim satisfaction in the sterility to which the dramatic form has come, and the contempt in which it is held.

For me there is no such satisfaction. Indeed, it was primarily as an escape from the stuffy atmosphere of modern drama that I enjoyed my visit to the Greek theatre at Bradfield. Here, at least, I was to see a beautiful play, and to see it, as I soon found, under beautiful conditions. The way to the theatre lay down a long, steep dingle, through whose leaves the sunlight could not penetrate. When I came to the end of it, I seemed to emerge into the sunlight of ancient history. That altar, that flagged orchestra, those rough-hewn tiers of benches rising from the hollow ; and above them, all around, the green trees, and wild flowers in full bloom ! A trumpet was blown. A herald came upon the stage, and thrice hailed us—citizens ! The minstrels, attired in many colours, trooped across to their appointed places, holding their strange lyres and flutes. With the first notes of their music, slowly and solemnly, through a green avenue that flanks the columns of the stage, came the chorus, καὶ Λύρα—the chorus of Argive Elders, leaning on their staves. Into the round orchestra they trooped, there to sing of Troy, of the gods implacable. To them, through the royal door, came the murderous Queen. After she had hung a chaplet of roses around the gold statue of Aphrodite, she told them of the beacons which proclaimed the war's end. Came the

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conqueror Agamemnon, in a chariot drawn by Trojan slaves and preceded by his own soldiers. Behind him crouched one in whose face was terror. She who fore-saw all doom, Cassandra, shrank away from the palace in which Agamemnon and she were fated to die. With joyous words, the Queen welcomed her lord. Fair carpets were spread for his entry. We, like Cassandra, knew the inexorableness of the gods, and how heavy lay the curse on the house of Atreus; we knew, as Agamemnon passed through the royal door, that soon we should hear his death-cries. We waited, appalled nearly as much as though we had been Greeks ourselves. We waited, while in the air swallows darted hither and thither, careless and impudent. One of them perched for an instant on the very stage where Cassandra gave her terror to the Elders. A stock-dove began to coo from one of the bushes—what did it care for the house of Atreus? And so the afternoon wore on, while we listened to the words of Æschylus, in such sunlight and to such an accompaniment of birds as they had in Hellas, in such a theatre as that for which the poet wrote them.

In the whole production there was little that struck me as being wrong. That the long-suffering watchman should first appear on the stage, and then run up the steps to look for the beacon, is rather unfortunate. But that is the fault of no one except the architect who built the Bradfield theatre without a *corregia*. On the other hand, there were one or two corrigible errors in the stage management. Agamemnon's sandals ought to be made in such a way that they can be taken off quickly, or else he ought to continue his speech while the slaves are taking them off. Last Tuesday, his entry into the palace lost much of its poignancy during the enormous interval spent by him in silence while his sandals were being removed, and by us in silent wonder whether they ever would come off. Another mistake occurred in the scene where Clytemnestra is wheeled forth on the eccyclema, standing over the bodies of her lord and his prophetess. The Queen steps down from the machine, and it is wheeled off, at the end of her first address to the Chorus. Thus the dialogue that follows loses all its dramatic force. It is all very well for Clytaemnestra to say

"οὐρός ἐστιν Ἀγαμέμνων, ἐμὸς  
πόσις, νεκρὸς δέ, τῆσδε ἔξιταις χερὸς  
ἔργον, δικαιὰς τέλτονος,"

but if Agamemnon is not there—not *ouros*, in fact—she cannot expect to make our flesh creep. Another objection which I have to offer is of a larger and more important kind. It is against the decision not to let the actors appear in masks. Why this decision was arrived at I really do not know. On the programme it is said that "all the essential features of a Greek Tragedy will be reproduced, except the masks and the high *cothurni*, which are considered unsuitable to the conditions of modern art." But the Greek language is, surely, no less unsuitable. "Modern art" has nothing to do with the case. The aim of the undertaking was, I imagine, to treat with thorough archaeology an ancient work of art. Why stop short of any detail? Buskins may be too difficult for boys to walk gracefully in without years of practice, and I am quite ready to waive them. But to masks there is no practical objection. They were constructed by the Greeks in such a way that they rather helped than impeded the wearer's utterance. Why, then, should not they have been reproduced at Bradfield? Even if they had not acted as sounding-boards (as which indeed, by reason of the boys' admirable elocution, they were not needed), they would have saved their wearers a great deal of self-consciousness. And they would have saved us our sense of the incongruity between wholesome, pleasant, public-schoolboy faces and the characters of Clytaemnestra, Agamemnon and Cassandra. Even Mr. (or Master) L. Harvey, who acted the part of Cassandra with so much real imagination and power, using his voice so skilfully and gesticulating always so appropriately, was quite unable to import into his features a trace of anything more fateful than a love of cricket and football. Given a *kuklopos*, he would have been quite perfect. Even supposing the

production had not been primarily archaeological, and that, moreover, it had been acted by professional mimes with a command of facial expression, masks would have been better than no masks. For Æschylus' characters are not human beings, like those of his two successors. They are grandiose abstractions, terribly and wonderfully made—superb puppets destined to sin and suffer elementally. They are all "larger than life," and simpler. They are statuesque, static, invariable. In a play of Sophocles or Euripides, there might be something to say against masks; but, even then, not if the play were acted at Bradfield, by boys. However, it is ungracious of me to be cavilling at anything in so good a performance, given under conditions so beautiful. It is long since I enjoyed a day so much as my day at Bradfield. I fancy, after all, that Dionysus himself would have enjoyed it. The sound of his old language (despite the strong English accent) would have been music to him, surely. And as for the altar—well! there might have been for him more sweetness than bitterness in its reminder that he was once a god.

Though time has severed the link between dramatic art and public worship, there are occasions when we find the two things together. We found them so—the latter preponderating—at the Lyceum Theatre, last Saturday night, when Sir Henry Irving made his *rentrée* from America. Never, in my recollection, has this actor won for himself fuller, more heartfelt applause than he won throughout that evening. Dionysus, in his palmiest days, had no so vociferous following. Nor have I ever seen Sir Henry impersonate the Vicar of Wakefield more beautifully, with mastery more exquisite. The play itself one does not criticise. "Olivia" is one of those bygones which, but for Sir Henry's interpretation of the chief part, we would all let be bygones, willingly enough. That interpretation, however, makes it for us an actual and present joy. But, of course, most of the applause last Saturday was not for the actor but for the man who had not been seen for many months. It was a quite delirious evening. I am amused to see that all the critics, in their accounts of it, lay joyous stress on the fact that Signora Duse (who was in a stage-box) applauded frequently. The awe this good lady inspires in them! What did they expect her to do? Hiss?

MAX.

#### DUTCH MASTERS AT THE BURLINGTON FINE ARTS CLUB.

A GOOD deal of misplaced admiration (or contempt) is commonly bestowed on what are called the triumphs of technique (or of "mere technique") in modern painting. As a matter of fact the amount of technical difficulty in modern painting is quite trifling, not to be compared with the feats of exact skill required of the man who engraves the face of a watch, or a highly accomplished house-painter. The whole tendency of modern painting has been to abolish or at least minimise technical difficulty by throwing effort and ingenuity into the act of seeing, contriving such an analysis and synthesis of forms and tones that the rendering of these in patches of paint shall be broad simple and easy. To call this simplification a triumph of technique is therefore a thoughtless abuse of terms reversing the facts. To paint like Velazquez is technically very much more easy than to paint like Van Eyck; to reduce an object to these simplified patches of tone, to find an aspect for detail instead of reconstituting all its intricacy was intellectually difficult, but once these comparatively large shapes were determined, to put them upon the canvas with a brush was not difficult at all.

Dutch painting does excite wonder over the technical skill displayed. So low is the level of technical skill demanded now in painting that most painters would as soon walk the tight-rope as draw the lines of rigging in a Vandervelde or the strings of a 'cello in a Vermeer. To draw such lines with a pen and ink is not the easiest thing in the world; to draw them with a brush in oil paint is against the nature of brush and material and a creditable feat. Vandervelde's lines of rigging do a great deal to spoil his picture; they are too strong for the tissue of his atmosphere; but that is a fault of vision not righted till Turner

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came; Vandervelde drew in the line exactly as he intended it, and that is what we ought to mean by technique, not the choice of what is to be put in, but the degree of accuracy and dexterity with which the intention is carried out.

But this certainty rules not only in the execution of the Dutchmen but in what lies behind it, in the separate acts of decision about shape, colour and tone. Modern painting encourages a very tentative way of arriving at the final decisions, a rough blocking-in chipped into shape and repainted again and again. The command issued from the Dutchman's brain for each touch was more positive and sharp, through very fine gradations, so that even in detailed work the paint is fresh, not worried by messy approximations. This habitual command of form and tone as well as of hand and eye may be instanced from Metsu. He paints the lines of graining in the planks of a floor so that these difficult forms lie in perspective and in place, and he does not have to tickle them into their place.

This brilliant certainty and directness towards the executive end of the scale is assured, of course, by an absence of debate at the deliberative end, an absence of the trouble and previous questions that modern painting admits and endures. Terburg and Metsu mount high in the intellectual scale among their fellows, their sense of beauty is by no means piecemeal, but it is more acutely active over small parts of the picture than over the whole. To taste one of these pieces fully we must have our eyes a few inches from the panel, taking the parts of it successively as *morceaux* of still life. If we look at the Metsu, number 46, the left-hand one of a fine group of three, we find the whole piece well enough together dramatically, and as a piece of light bright tone, but we decide, without feeling the picture irreparably damaged, that the maid is a much choicer *morceau* of painting than her mistress, whose colours look as if they might give a metallic sound when tapped. No. 49, to the right, is a much better picture, a single figure, beautifully posed and painted. But the hands, or even the inkstand and the part of the tablecloth about it, will delay us longer and charm us more finally than the head, because the head with its shadows separates off a little brown against the ruff, a little over-blue. Revision by a bigger painter's mind would have established the general relations of tone more justly, and the importance of one part to another. The central picture brings out this imperfect measurement of the big relations more convincingly. The figure of the seated woman to the left is a lovely *morceau*, the light sliding delicately over her face shoulders and hair. The other, leaning against the bed, is only less charming, and there are beautiful passages in other parts of the picture. What is it then, that strikes wrong and unsatisfactory when one falls back an inch or two to take all the picture in? This, that though Metsu places impeccably the graining in his plank, his sense of inclusion at a higher point becomes uncertain, either advances not at all or by sudden ill-measured jumps. The tones of scarlet and white on the stuffs are as bright in the farther part of the room as in the near, and the painter is so anxious that the lady by the bed shall be as brilliant as possible, that he will not allow her tones to take their equivalent for the depth at which she stands. He knows well enough after a fashion that there would be a difference. There are two more figures, that of a cavalier entering the room and of a servant pushing him back. They ought to receive approximately the same illumination as the lady, for they stand at the same depth, and the chair in front of them is brilliantly lit. But these two figures suddenly drop into a low tone of brown. Mr. Abbey does not paint the leading and accessory figures of his scenes with a greater difference of conventional tint. This brown is not the true tone equivalent, and if it were, the lady ought to share it. Now a device like this may suit an illustrator who makes no pretence to study of real colour, but it checks our pleasure in a picture which has its amusing dramatic side, but is more essentially devoted to the play of light than to that of manners. Here is the difference between Metsu and the painter who takes a really comprehensive view of an interior effect. Critics have been heard to say that Mr. Sargent's *Venetian Interior* is

merely a sketchy rendering of what the Dutchmen frequently worked out in detail. That is not so. The modern painter's mind takes a further stretch; the whole room is his entity, and the figures and objects in the room are members of that whole, not detachable from it, and graduated in their definition by a scale of interest. The Metsu has a hundred virtues; it is technically much more wonderful than the Sargent, but its rank in coherence of vision is inferior.

A much greater difference of rank declares itself in the Dutch School itself when Rembrandt enters among those genre painters, his contemporaries. It is curious to watch the effect of the bigger mind on the lesser. Gerard Dou is not the equal of Terburg, but he was the direct pupil of Rembrandt. We see in *The Philosopher* of this exhibition all Rembrandt was able to do for him. Rembrandt's own version of the same subject is in the Louvre. Here, you would say, is so much of the picture as could pass through the mind of a scrupulous housekeeper who had been taught to be careful with tones as well as furniture. Light is not here a mysterious agent, mysterious as the thought in the old man's head; it is rather an agent to reveal cleanliness and polish. The ill-assorted local colours of the man's gown, cushion, and the green cloth are tidily worked out, and he himself seems to have been newly washed and dusted, a last ornament, and a really "nice quiet gentleman," as the housekeepers say.

Of the painters who rank after Rembrandt in the sensitiveness or grandeur of their lighting, De Hooch is not represented, Ruysdael and Cuyp imperfectly. But that extraordinary picture of Vermeer, *The Soldier and the Laughing Woman*, is fortunately shown once more. Nothing in the exhibition comes near it, and it could hardly be kept out of a collection of the world's masterpieces. Near it is a Vermeer on the level of the National Gallery example; it is in fact the same woman and clavichord painted from the other side. Even in these a certain greatness reveals itself; the composition has its secrets, the eye wonders why a picture-frame on the wall is so important and interesting; there are sacrifices of minor steps in tone with a view to largeness of design; the colours have reserve and intention. But the foundation of the colour is still conventional; the flesh varies on a common green base. In *The Soldier and the Laughing Woman* all the qualities of the painter take a more daring life. The design of the great black hat against the bright window, the concentration of light on the woman's face by throwing the soldier's profile into shadow; the rich vague decoration of the wall by the stone map, all these points assert the composing power more vividly. The colour too is beautifully composed. Common terms unite the tablecloth with the woman's dress, and that again with her chair; these richer tints grow out of the lovely grey of the map, and at points there is a cherished flower of strange colour, the blue glass in the woman's hands, the passage of light on the man's red coat. But besides all this there is a change of kind in the vision of colour and light. The conventional green has disappeared from the flesh and a positive observation of light-constituted colour takes its place. This study of light and colour is most obviously traced in the tablecloth, where a vibration is given by spotting with green and yellow. But at this point a curious puzzle arises. On the woman's face are some bluish touches, a stronger patch of the same colour in the shadow under her chin, still more in the shadows of the white hood on her shoulder. The effect of these touches at a little distance is not disagreeable, and perhaps even adds to the aerial effect. One's first impulse is to ask if the painter, pushing on in his analysis, has plumped upon the devices of Monet and begun to dose his shadows with purplish blue. But the treatment seems too rude and too partial for such an explanation. On the other hand it is hard to believe that in these particular patches a colour mixed with this blue has given way. It is also difficult to believe that a restorer's touches have turned to this colour; the touch under the chin compared with the rest of the shadows looks like that, but a large part of the map is minutely treated with this same colour with very pretty effect. Queerest of all, the space of wall behind the two heads has been treated with a light

scumble of the same blue over its umber tone, changing it to a bluish grey. This grey, once more, is very charming, especially with the play of the umber ground through it where the contours of the figures cut. But whoever applied it forgot a patch of the original umber colour behind the woman's chair, and the part of the wall under the window. This brown will not do for a shadow tone of the lighted part. Perhaps someone who has studied all the rare examples of the master, can throw light on these contradictions.

The still-life painters proper are not represented at the Club. It is remarkable how, out of a dull average, these men occasionally blossom into a picture largely conceived in its grouping and lovely in detail. Thus at Messrs. Forbes and Patersons' newly established gallery in Bond Street I caught on its passage last week a picture by Kalf, a little-known painter, comparable to a Chardin. The same firm have a very fine De Keyser in their stores. The pictures on view in their gallery are English, including a fine Gainsborough and a very good Raeburn (a portrait of an old lady). At the Goupil Gallery Messrs. Muhrman, Bertram Priestman, and Frank Mura are exhibiting together. The link between them is a general lowness of tone. Mr. Mura's work seemed to me the most conventionally set in this key, Mr. Priestman's to take refuge in it from a certain timidity and uncertainty, but not without some search of truth, Mr. Muhrman's to be the most truly transposed and really harmonious. In the pressure of exhibitions I can do no more than mention these; also the drawings and etchings by the brothers Detmold at the Fine Art Society's. This is remarkable work for boys of sixteen. It is most successful when one or two tints are applied to the drawing or etching, least so when a pretence of real environment is given to the strong definition and unreal colour of the drawings. The boys are probably intelligent enough to take a lesson from Turner's studies of birds and fish in the next room. That is one way; Japanese prints another; it will not do to mix them. To the Turners I shall hope to find an opportunity of recurring. At the Dutch Gallery is an exquisite little Corot (a river scene) and one of the rare landscapes of Matthew Maris, infinite grey sky opening above land and gleaming water. D. S. M.

#### NORWICH LIFE ASSURANCE.

FROM the cathedral city of Norwich comes a Life assurance report that is at least in one important respect quite phenomenal. In a year when the majority of Life offices have done less new business than usual the Norwich Union has succeeded in doing more than on any previous occasion, and, contrary to the usual practice, it has accomplished this at an expenditure, not merely very much less when the volume of new business is taken into account, but greatly below the percentage of the total premiums previously absorbed in commission and expenses. In previous years the expenditure of the office has sometimes exceeded 20 per cent. of the premiums, and the lowest expense ratio for many years past was that of 1898, when it was 15½ per cent. of the premiums. In 1899 there was a reduction of more than 2 per cent., the total expenditure being only 13½ per cent. of the premium income. To those acquainted with the difficulty of reducing Life office expenditure this reduction of expenses accompanied by an increase in new business will appear as an exceptionally favourable accomplishment.

When we further analyse the expenditure we see that it amounts to only 56 per cent. of the new premiums, and 5½ per cent. of renewals. The average expenditure of British offices is 80 per cent. of new premiums and 8 per cent. of renewals, in addition to which, as we have lately had occasion to remark, there are frequently large additions to be made for dividends to shareholders, which a mutual company like the Norwich Union does not incur. Thus it will be seen that in the matter of expenditure the Norwich Union has ranged itself among the most economically managed of British Life assurance companies. The management may be cordially congratulated on the exceptionally successful

accomplishment of a very difficult task, and the policy-holders may look forward to increased bonuses now that the margin between the expenditure incurred and provided for is 9½ per cent. of the premium income, as compared with 2½ per cent. at the valuation of the society made in 1896.

In the matter of interest earnings the office has also done well. The account shows profit on securities realised to the extent of £26,867, and if this amount is added to the interest received the net return is at the rate of £4 16s. 6d. per cent., while, excluding this item, the yield upon the total funds from interest alone was £4 1s. 7d. per cent., a return which is not only good in itself, but shows a large margin above the rate assumed in valuing the liabilities. A third source of profit to the society is the favourable mortality experienced during the year, again in spite of the fact that the general experience of 1899 was in the opposite direction. The amount of the claims was considerably less than in 1898, and was well within the mortality expected and provided for. It will thus be seen that the three principal sources of profit for a Life assurance company have all worked out well, two of them quite exceptionally well, and consequently the participating policy-holders may expect pleasant news at the next bonus declaration.

We like to think, and we believe we are right in so doing, that the society receives some appreciable benefits from being located at Norwich. Far away from the rush and hurry of a big city the managers can mature their schemes, can give careful attention to every detail, and while reaching, through their agencies, people in big cities and throughout the country generally, give to every feature of their work more careful and leisurely attention than is perhaps possible in the heart of London. These are not fanciful reasons for supposing that a quiet cathedral city confers benefits of other kinds than those of historical and antiquarian associations.

#### CORRESPONDENCE.

##### IN THE FREE STATE.

The following extracts are taken from the letter of an officer in the Imperial Yeomanry:—

Brandfort, 17 May, 1900.

Would you believe it, at the present moment I don't in the least know how far north of Kroonstadt Roberts has got: one hears so many absurd rumours out here that one ends by believing nothing, unless one happens to be in a place like Bloemfontein. There I got what news was to be got, but up to the time we got to Bloemfontein, that is after leaving Springfontein on 12 April, from which time up till a few days ago we were on the right flank with Rundle, we only got letters on two occasions, and as for writing any it was next to impossible. We were fairly kept going all the time. Fighting, such as it was, was not my idea of it: it consisted chiefly of very wide flanking movements, and fire at very long range. Rundle did not have much cavalry with him, and the result was we were made use of, which was lucky for us considering far more than half the Yeomanry have not yet seen a shot fired. Our work, however, except on the march where we did our share of the scouting, was not very interesting: as it chiefly consisted in making demonstrations on either flank with a view to drawing the fire of and locating the enemy. This often developed into a pretty hot shell fire, which is certainly not pleasant, though it is wonderful how little damage it does. Their fire is wonderfully accurate, those who say it isn't talk —, but what is wrong are their shells. We all think that after we got into position opposite to what was supposed to be their main body, there was a lot too much delay and hesitation; however I suppose all this will come out some day. Anyway they slipped us, though the very evening before we advanced to attack they had a real good go with their guns and pom-poms at us, and the Staff were convinced that but few had "trekked." Something wrong somewhere. The Yeomanry and Mounted Infantry pursued as far as Wepener, but the enemy had slipped off, and their main body must have already gone some time. A fine oppor-

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tunity missed. French with his cavalry who met us at about 5 o'clock P.M., at Dewetsdorp was also too late. Part of the Boers with guns had got through at about 11 o'clock. It's true Wepener was relieved, but none too soon. They had an awful time there for about seventeen days. Part of Brabant's force, Kaffrarian Rifles and Cape Mounted Police: old Brabant, whose gallant defence one reads about, was never there himself. I talked to a lot of the men. They hadn't dared to show half a head or an arm, and were stuck in the trenches till dark, when they used to crawl down to a donga about 200 yards distant, where their cooks were and get food. They killed a good many Boers on the second night when they tried to rush the trenches. From Wepener we went back to Dewetsdorp, and next morning had actually started for Bloemfontein, when our battalion of Yeomanry was ordered to Thaba Nchu. Towards 5 o'clock after coming through a nek, we saw in the valley beyond it a convoy being shelled by the Boers, and some niggers who got away, told us they only had an escort of about 120 men. It was too late to do anything, so Brabazon who was with us sent back for guns, which arrived in the middle of the night. At daybreak we went on, but the Boers had cleared. We had to wait to bring the convoy and ox-wagons along, as they had lost a lot of their oxen: and in this way we missed a bit of a fight by a day, which was what we had been sent for. The cavalry under French made a lot of it, but we stayed on three days, and others didn't seem to take the same view. On the third day we (Yeomanry) had another little show, but beyond shell fire and a lot of sniping at 2,000 yards, there was no excitement, and I think we had no more than three casualties. However, I heard afterwards that a poor chap called Verschoyle in the Guards was shot, which I can't understand, as they were never in this job. The Boers retired, and we followed them up till we got within two miles of their convoy, and think we certainly ought to have kopped it. Next day we started for Bloemfontein, moving slowly as the horses were absolutely and the men considerably done up. . . . A gentleman, who must be nameless, arrived at Bloemfontein, and not holding any military status passed himself off as a re-mount officer, and came up in khaki on a train full of re-mounts. A staff officer came up to him in the club on Tuesday, and told him that he had to inform him officially that if he wasn't outside the Free State within twelve hours he would be put into prison.

#### HOW THE BOERS ESCAPE.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

The University, Edinburgh, 19 June, 1900.

SIR,—People are still inclined to marvel at the rapidity with which the Boers move their big guns and heavy wagons, and others to blame our troops for not overtaking the retreating enemy when they break and run while our men are in touch with them. Transport work, or the driving of oxen in teams of sixteen, is practically the only labour which the white man will condescend to do in the black man's country of South Africa. The Boers are in consequence one and all past masters at driving cattle. A man with an enormous whip can effectually control any animal in the group, and without difficulty make all exert their strength to the last degree at one and the same time. When sixteen oxen, arranged in pairs one in front of the other and yoked by means of a powerful rope of twisted hide, are found to be unequal to the task, the rope is lengthened and two or even three or four teams are combined in a most effective manner. Power is thus multiplied so that the heaviest guns can be moved to practically any position to which it is possible to drive four-footed beasts. The heat of the South African sun being too great for prolonged exertion by day, the ordinary transport work of the country is done at night. This saves both man and beast from the disastrous consequences of being overheated during work and then chilled by the sudden cold of the succeeding night.

In the present war the Boers knowing every inch of the country can transport their heavy baggage according

to their usual practice and ride their horses by night, while our troops can rarely move without the very serious and imminent danger of falling into a trap. Every morning a Boer commando, retreating before a British division, finds itself many hours ahead of its pursuers who then have the sun as well as time and distance to contend with. It is not to be wondered at that the Boers as a rule easily make their escape. The wonder, to those who know the conditions of the country, would be if a British force were able to overtake a Boer commando in full retreat unless something very unusual should occur to our advantage.

ROBERT WALLACE.

#### THE CAMPAIGN AGAINST MR. GILL.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

SIR,—I do not wish to go into the grievances of Irish landlords against Mr. Balfour: there is some basis in them, perhaps, as stated by "A Future Irish Landlord" but there is still more of that reckless exaggeration which is the curse of Irish politics. His comparison between the "Plan of Campaign" and the action of the Land Commission in carrying out its legal duty requires no comment from me.

But I wish to ask for a suspension of judgment on your own part as to the consequences to be permanently visited on Mr. Gill for his connexion with that "criminal conspiracy." I have no single word to say in favour of the "Plan of Campaign." It was criminal (which however in this case simply means "illegal"), and it was worse, it was a blunder. But are you going to pronounce a sentence of permanent ostracism from public life on every man who supported it—in other words are you to make perpetual political outcasts a large section of the people of Ireland and of their parliamentary representatives? If so you had better go back at once to the days of the Penal Laws. If not why should you make a special victim of Mr. Gill?

I will anticipate somewhat and answer this question at once. It is because a section of the Irish landlords, in their blind hatred of Mr. Balfour and his Local Government Act, think they have found a good weapon for weakening and damaging him and overthrowing both him and Mr. Horace Plunkett.

Now admitting as I do Mr. Gill's fault, let me say something on the other side. He was in politics for a few years and without perhaps troubling himself much as to details he "fought for his side." It is not suggested that he or the other organisers made any private or dishonourable use of the money. They acted openly and for public political ends. When the split came Mr. Gill retired from politics and after a little threw himself into the industrial movement then making rapid progress under Mr. Plunkett. Is anyone mad or bad enough to suggest that Mr. Plunkett should have waved him aside and said, "You are a wicked Nationalist and advocate of the Plan of Campaign: I will not permit you to work with me for the industrial regeneration of Ireland"? On the contrary he was welcomed, and when Mr. Plunkett's splendid achievement, the Recess Committee, came into operation Mr. Gill was made honorary secretary. There he worked side by side with Orangemen like Dr. Kane from Belfast, and Nationalists like Mr. Redmond from Waterford, and amongst the members there was only one opinion—that Mr. Gill was invaluable. The Report, which is the text-book for all from Lord Cadogan down who are working for the good of Ireland, is from his hand, and in every department of the work his energy made itself felt.

Is it any wonder that when the time came to put into practice the teachings of the Report, Mr. Plunkett at once turned to Mr. Gill? It is noticeable that in all the course of the furious campaign against Mr. Balfour, Mr. Plunkett and Mr. Gill no attempt has been made to suggest a better man. I am convinced that this matter is a cardinal one if anything is to come of the new departure in Ireland. The "Plan of Campaign" was a purely political movement—crime if you like—and there must be a political amnesty if we are all to work together for the regeneration of the country.

AN IRISH UNIONIST.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

Palace Chambers, Westminster, S.W.  
14 June, 1900.

SIR,—The statement contained in the pronouncement submitted to the Lord Lieutenant of Ireland by the Irish Unionist Alliance that Mr. T. P. Gill the Secretary of the Irish Agricultural Department took an active part in the "Plan of Campaign" has not been made without ample evidence of its accuracy, and the proof of it is furnished by Mr. Gill himself. In your editorial comment appended to the letter signed "A Future Irish Landlord," which appeared in your issue of last week, you appear to throw some doubt upon the charge which has been made by the Alliance. In January 1887 the "Plan of Campaign" was established on the Massereene Estate, County Louth where Mr. Gill's constituency was situated. The "Plan" as laid down in the original scheme propounded in "United Ireland" was thoroughly adopted. The rents were withheld from the landlord and "banked" in a war chest. Writs were accordingly issued on the part of the landlord and in order to avoid a seizure, a special Cattle Fair was called by the organisers of the "Plan" with the object of disposing of the tenants' stock, which fair took place at Collon on 28 January, 1887. Mr. Gill attended the fair and made a speech to the assembled tenants in which he said "You have adopted the 'Plan of Campaign,' God bless it. . . . You have banked your money safely and to-day you have cleared the decks, and Lord Massereene and his emergency men are welcome to come on as soon as they please and try whether their heads or the stone walls of the 'Plan of Campaign' are the hardest." (Vide "Freeman's Journal," 29 January, 1887.)

As the result of Mr. Gill's connexion with the "Plan of Campaign" on the Massereene estate, Mr. Arthur Balfour, the then Chief Secretary, found it necessary to issue a warrant in July 1889 for his arrest, under the Crimes Act. He was charged with promoting the "Plan of Campaign," and although the charge against him was dismissed for want of evidence, five of the tenants who were prosecuted at the same time were convicted. Other incidents might be given of Mr. Gill's active participation in this criminal conspiracy, but it will be sufficient to mention a letter from him in the "Freeman's Journal" on 25 August, 1891, in which he says, "When Mr. Dillon was about to be imprisoned in Dundalk in the beginning of 1888 he asked me to undertake the duty of administering the funds of the 'Plan of Campaign' in his absence. He mentioned that Mr. Parnell had suggested my name for the post. . . . That post I continued to fill until after Mr. Dillon's return from Australia last year." Mr. Gill added that he was associated with Mr. John Redmond, in the absence of Mr. Dillon and Mr. W. O'Brien, in generally superintending affairs on the "Plan of Campaign" estates.

It would perhaps be difficult to find in the Irish Nationalist Party a more strenuous advocate and supporter of the nefarious "Plan of Campaign" than Mr. T. P. Gill has been. That he was so regarded is shown by the position of great responsibility in which he was placed, as its treasurer, at the instigation of Mr. Parnell.

Yours faithfully,

W. FARQUHARSON,

London agent of the Irish Unionist Alliance.

#### THE PROFANITY OF RHETORIC.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

United University Club, S.W.  
20 June, 1900.

SIR,—Do you know the story of the pupil teacher under examination on the New Testament—who wrote as an answer?—

"On this subject the Bible is almost entirely silent, but for full details see Farrar's 'Life of Christ.'"

E. K. PURNELL.

#### REVIEWS.

##### HISTORIC SEALS.

"Catalogue of Seals in the Department of MSS. in the British Museum." Vol. VI. By W. de Gray Birch. London: Longmans. 1900. £2 10s.

OF all the studies ancillary to history that of seals is second only to coins in their importance, and much superior to them in beauty. But coin collectors are many, and lovers of seals few: the reason is that *matrices* are rare and hard to procure; while mere waxen and plaster impressions from them look too cheap and paltry to please the eye of the average man who wishes to start a hobby and fill a cabinet with pretty things. It must be confessed that the oldest and most interesting seals are generally in such a state of disrepair that they are not attractive objects to the layman's eye. The dirty white or dull green disc with broken edges and half legible inscription only reveals its beauties to the specialist. Nevertheless it is certain that from the study of seals we get a more continuous view of mediæval art than can be obtained from any other class of objects. They start as early as the first Merovingian kings, and go on in uninterrupted series to our own days. Just where coins and miniatures are at their worst, the seals exist to show us the best art of their day. It is quite surprising to see how fine are those of the ninth, tenth, and eleventh centuries. Knowing how rough and ill executed are the monies of the Carolingian and Saxon emperors, it is most notable to mark the good execution of the contemporary seals. Not to speak of those which are direct copies of ancient Roman intaglios, we may note in the present volume the excellent style of those of Arnulf and Conrad I., as well as the later imperial portraits of Henry II. and Henry III. All these are astounding when compared with the miserable coins of those monarchs. It is clear that the tenth-century artist could do himself justice when he was allowed high relief and a field two or three inches broad: in the silver penny the extreme thinness of the coin made relief impossible, and the smallness prevented any attempt at broad lines or complicated ornament.

When Gothic art was at its best, in the thirteenth and fourteenth centuries, the seals of all the important personages were things of beauty. In the fine series of twenty-four plates appended to this volume we can select many most charming devices. The countries dealt with are Germany, Italy, Spain, and the North. France and the British Isles do not appear, other sections having been devoted to them. It is curious to note that all through the middle ages the German seals show a distinct superiority in merit to those of Italy. The early perfection in pictorial art at which the Lombards and Tuscans arrived is not in the least reflected in their seals: in die-sinking the Teuton proves undeniably superior. By far the most beautiful seals in the volume are those of the Emperors Charles IV. and Wenzel on plate ii., that of the Convent of Eichstadt on plate iv., and that of Kunegunde of Limburg on plate iv. The first pair are statuesque in character, the others are obviously inspired by the same artistic impulse that moved the Van Eyks: indeed the Eichstadt one shows the pictorial motive so strongly, that we instinctively fill up the colours, and picture the charming St. Walburga (whom it represents) in the red and gold and green of a contemporary Netherlandish painting.

The seals of the North and East are, unfortunately, not so well represented in this collection as those of the South and centre of Europe: the few Scandinavian examples show fair Gothic work of an architectural sort: we wish that more of them had been inserted in the plates of illustrations. From Russia there is nothing earlier than the reign of Peter the Great: this is to be regretted, as the earlier Imperial seals of that country are most interesting: showing strong traces of their Byzantine origin, they yet develop a strange national style of their own. We know that there exist in England metal impressions of the great seal of the Tsar Boris Godunoff, a most interesting piece of work, and cannot understand why there should not be an

23 June, 1900

example (or at least a cast) in the British Museum. From the Balkan peninsula on the other hand we have one most interesting and important seal, which we should hardly have expected to find. It is that of Tvardko II., a king of Bosnia in the fourteenth century. From it the observer may gather a fact which historians have often missed, that the Slavonic kingdoms before the Turkish invasion were gradually emancipating themselves from the Byzantine tradition, and (under Venetian and Hungarian influence) falling into line with central Europe in art and civilisation. King Tvardko sits on the obverse side under a beautiful Gothic canopy, supported on each side by angels bearing coats of arms. On the reverse he appears riding in crested *heame* and full western armour, on a barded horse caparisoned with armorial bearings. Unless we had read the surrounding inscription, we should have imagined that we saw before us an ordinary Teutonic potentate, and not a Slav of the South.

So much for the seals themselves: to the way in which the collection is placed before the student we have the strongest objections. The author of such a catalogue ought to be a person well grounded both in linguistics and in mediæval history: and from internal evidence we cannot think that the British Museum authorities have selected the right person. To take the matter of language first, why should German princes be described in French—we ought not to find "Heinrich le Boiteux, Duke of Bavaria," or "Marie de Gueldres, Duchess of Juliers" or "Otto Heinrich, le Magnanime, Count Palatine." Similarly it is irritating to find Valentina Visconti, a sufficiently well-known person, described as "Valentine des Vicontes de Milan, daughter of Jean Galeas Count of Milan." Why should we not have Visconti and Gian Galeazzo, instead of the French corruption? But in dealing with Italian owners of seals, the compiler of the catalogue never seems able to make up his mind whether he shall give a Latin, French, English or Italian form: we find close together "Munaldiscus Dominus Munaldisci" for a Monaldeschi, but "Boniface de Provana" for Bonifacius de Provana. On the next page is "Philip Duke of Sforza (!) &c." for Filippo Sforza Duke of Torricella—the surname being confused with the title. Soon after comes the monstrous "Sir John Bartholomew Tisson [or Titionus] Count of Decian" for Giovanni Bartolomeo Tissone Count of Deciana.

But more vexatious than mere eccentricities of nomenclature are the strange methods of cataloguing which the editor adopts. Supposing one were looking for the seal of Leopold-Joseph Duke of Lorraine (1697-1729) one would not naturally seek it under the section Italy, and the subsection Naples. But because the house of Lorraine, ever since the troubadour King René, had claimed the title of "King of Jerusalem and the Two Sicilies," Leopold-Joseph's name appears among the Italian potentates. In the same subsection is that of one of the Bohemunds of Antioch, who ought to go among the potentates of the Christian East. There is a still wilder confusion under the heading "Bishops in *Partibus Infidelium*, or of Eastern and Asiatic sees:" among these Oriental prelates we find the names of the Bishops of Alleria in Corsica, Cuenca (Cochenis) in Spain, Catania (Cathana) in Sicily, Ossory and Ross in Ireland, and Quimper (Coriosopitum) in France. The inhabitants of Corsica and Ireland were sufficiently rough customers in the Middle Ages, but we should hardly describe them as either "infidels" or "Easterns." There seem to be actual errors of history bound up in some of the attributions: the fourteenth-century seal of a Charles King of Hungary (p. 121) must surely belong to "Charles Robert" the father of Lewis the Great, and not to Charles of Luxemburg (afterwards emperor) who was King of Bohemia but not of Hungary. Under the head of Bavaria appear several princes of the house of Wittelsbach who never reigned in Bavaria itself, but held external possessions; amongst them are a Count of Sponheim, several Electors Palatine, and Albert of Holland and Hainault. As they, after the German fashion, call themselves "Dukes of Bavaria," because of their descent, they are all lumped together. But it is quite clear that they should be separated from their kinsmen who actually ruled on the Danube, and relegated each to his own local lordship. The most

astonishing of all the attributions in the volume, however, is that of a thirteenth-century seal of a certain "Berardus de Romania" to the modern region of Roumania on the Danube; "Roumania" in 1250 might mean many things, but certainly not Moldo-Wallachia.

#### RUGBY, OXFORD AND THE ANTIPODES.

"Charles Henry Pearson." Edited by W. Stebbing. London: Longmans. 1900. 14s.  
"Passages in a Wandering Life." By Thomas Arnold. London: Arnold. 1900. 12s. 6d.

**S**TUDENTS of Colonial history and Colonial public life not seldom have felt that the real needs of Greater Britain are moral tone and intellectuality. The physical attributes necessary to turn the resources of new lands to full account are there in abundance. Men who would have remained poor in the old country have grown rich, their wealth has brought them position, but their antecedents have not been favourable to the acquisition of the higher social and mental attainments. In Charles Henry Pearson and Thomas Arnold, the son, we have two public school and university men, who found their way to the Colonies and could not fail to leave the impress of their own training and personality on the rougher elements with which they were brought into contact. Both went to Rugby but neither seems to have been quite a Rugby boy. Charles Pearson in his manhood looked back upon Rugby with considerable impatience. To his mind "Arnold's pupils lived in an atmosphere of priggishness. They were taught to be always feeling their moral muscles." Inasmuch as Dr. Arnold sent his own boys to Winchester for a time, it would seem that he, perhaps unconsciously, shared Pearson's view that Rugby inspired a self-conscious morality from which Eton, Harrow and Winchester were healthily free. Neither Pearson nor Arnold seems to have been at home at Oxford. The latter sought a degree as a matter of worldly precaution; the former became a Fellow of Oriel but strongly condemned the system in vogue in his day. He says he never knew a place where so much talent was wasted as at Oriel. He declared the methods hopelessly out of date, the worst result of the Oxford teaching being in his view "not so much its flagrant inadequacy as that it had a superficial completeness."

Pearson went to Australia for the sake of his health and combined study and sheep-farming. Mr. Arnold went to New Zealand in the "John Wykliffe," the first vessel sent out by the New Zealand Company with settlers, but we do not find his name in the list of passengers published a year or two ago by Dr. Hocken. He went in search of Utopia or some earthly equivalent. English Socialism, as represented by Owen and the Chartist, failed to attract him because it lacked culture. He turned to the virgin forests, the snowclad mountains and the crystal waters of New Zealand in the forties as likely to be the home of a vaguely conceived fraternity. He worked at his five acres—the cow was in the future—and refused to become Governor Grey's private secretary because he felt that "men of independent character ought to have nothing to do with the Colonial Government so long as it was carried on by means of nominees, and not representative assemblies." Naturally he left New Zealand disappointed of his ideal. He went to Tasmania, became a school inspector, developed his doubts on religion and sought refuge first in Pyrrhonism and finally in Roman Catholicism. Pearson's liberalism was less extreme than Arnold's but it was sufficiently thorough for all that. His advocacy of a progressive land tax in Victoria roused a storm of indignation against him on the part of the squatters and their friends. His main interest however was in education, and he proved a born Minister of Public Instruction. Above all he was a strenuous advocate of the higher education of women. He realised that the best means of putting intellectual and moral backbone into a community was to educate its mothers. Mr. Arnold seems to think that it is just as easy to make education a source of evil as of good. "Excellence," he says speaking of certain movements to elevate the masses, "is the great want of our time,

not mediocrity : of that we are sure to have enough." No man ever said a truer if somewhat obvious thing. He is careful to explain that he is not opposed to giving those who were not born favourites of fortune opportunities of rising in the world, but he thinks that if a boy is not likely to justify promotion from one grade of society to another it is better to leave him where he is. Pearson's doubts on the subject of education took another form. He anticipated the ultimate subjection of the white race as the outcome of the teaching which it confers upon the yellow and black without stint. What the white knows, the yellow and black might learn to apply for the attainment of their own supremacy. He said he would sooner see the North of Australia untilled and unpopulated than developed with the aid of the Chinese or the Kanakas. In Victoria the strongest proof of the need of education surely was the treatment accorded to Mr. Pearson himself. Intellectually he was head and shoulders above his fellows, but the men in office appreciated his quality so little that he was dismissed from the Agent Generalship because he chose to be something more than a mere bagman.

In a measure Pearson's story supplements Mr. Arnold's and some of the more interesting people referred to in the one appear again in the other—Lord Salisbury for instance. In Tasmania Mr. Arnold was introduced to Lord Robert Cecil, "a tall handsome young nobleman" who was travelling in the Austral colonies. In Pearson's Life we hear of Lord Robert Cecil turning epigrams against Palmerston and Russell on the SATURDAY REVIEW. Pearson was one of the clever band whose services Douglas Cook enlisted, but his sympathy with the SATURDAY did not go much beyond appreciation of its technical brilliancy. He ultimately withdrew because of its "reactionary tone" on foreign affairs and its "purely negative criticism." Pearson was not a journalist. In Melbourne or London he would have materially advanced his worldly interests had he been able to make his pen the instrument for propagating views with which he did not himself agree. But that he was too honest to do. Finding that he could not support the SATURDAY REVIEW's policy, he rightly felt bound to retire. It has ever been a characteristic of this REVIEW that its contributors believe what they write. Pearson knew that a man who was writing against his own convictions would have been out of place on the SATURDAY staff.

#### THE FUTURE LIFE.

"A Critical History of the Doctrine of a Future Life." By R. H. Charles. London : Black. 1899. 15s.

A SINGULAR pathos as well as a singular interest attaches to the history of man's belief about the last things. It is a record of hopes "half-guessed, half-seen," but eagerly cherished in spite of the absence of any definite disclosure in response to the appeal for illumination. While one mystery of man's being, that of his life in the present, was unfolded with growing distinctness, the other mystery, that of his life in the future, for the most part continued to be veiled. This is the pathos of the earlier history of the doctrine. It would seem as if a disciplinary purpose lay in the very obscurity of the revelation. The practical religion, and the spiritual obligations of the present, must first be firmly established before a fuller revelation of the future could be healthfully imparted. In the meantime, it was chiefly along the path of moral effort and discovery that man had to make his way into the region of immortality. It was to the interest of his own spiritual growth that he should learn to "beat his music out." The traditional beliefs as to the state of the soul after death in the Old Testament belong to the stock of traditions which were common to the Semitic race ; they seem to have had their origin in a system of ancestor-worship ; they were of a pagan, non-moral character. It is curious to find how long they retained a hold over the popular imagination in spite of the higher spiritual level which had been reached in other respects. But eschatological beliefs are always the last to come under the influence of new ideas. Even

now there is much in the popular views about the last things which is only partially Christianised.

The ethical conception of the future life was not developed out of these ancient rude beliefs about Sheol, but among their ruins. The monotheistic teaching of the prophets had the effect of discrediting all pagan and unethical notions of the kind. The conviction of a blessed hereafter arose from the conviction of personal communion with God. To the saints in Israel this was the great reality of their life in the present ; their spiritual conscience told them it would not end with death ; it would form the great reality of the future. And faith made a still further venture, and in a dim way despaired the possibility of a resurrection through which the divine communion would be secured for ever. Moreover the suffering righteous were constrained to build their hopes upon the future as a refuge from the disorder of the present ; a time would come when they would receive the vindication which was denied them now. In other words, the great discovery was won by a moral, not a speculative, process. It was a process thoroughly characteristic of Jewish religion, and stands in suggestive contrast to what we find among the Greeks. The latter had indeed their views about the future, often heroic and occasionally sublime ; but their views were based upon metaphysical assumptions of a questionable nature, and never gained a currency outside the inner circle. In Israel, on the other hand, the hope of immortality started from the moral premiss ; and it was reached—to use Dr. Charles' words—"through spiritual crises deep as the human personality and wide as human life."

But while one line of development followed the course of individual experience, the other took a different direction. The religion of Israel was more concerned with the nation than with the individual. Accordingly we find that the national religious sense pressed for a future which would satisfy the nation's belief in its own destiny. Hence there arrives the expectation of a Messianic kingdom, an era of bliss and successful achievement for a regenerated nation. The two lines of development did not always flow in the same channel. The Messianic kingdom was a more fundamental article of faith than the immortality of the individual. An attempt was made, however, to do justice to both claims. In a late passage of Isaiah (xxvi. 1-19) the prophet anticipates a resurrection of the righteous in Israel to share the Messianic kingdom, which is to be established eternally upon the earth ; and it is implied that the highest well-being of the individual can only be realised through his share in the common life of the risen nation. The same doctrine is found in Daniel and Enoch, and may be said to have obtained from the fourth to the second century B.C. At the latter date, however, this combination of the two claims was abandoned. At one time the national hope predominated, at another individualism reigned supreme. To the depressed and persecuted nation this earth seemed no fit place to be the scene of an eternal Messianic kingdom. The Messiah was still expected, but His kingdom was to be temporary ; the Jerusalem of the future was to be the heavenly one. Instead of the kingdom of the Messiah, heaven itself, or paradise, became the object of hope to the faithful after death ; an immortality of bliss for the individual seemed a more reasonable prospect than any future glorification of the race.

With the advent of Christianity came the adjustment of both claims. Both were true, and both required satisfaction ; but it was only by combining them that a doctrine of the future could be at once universal and permanent. The Messianic kingdom begins on earth ; but it will be consummated in heaven. It forms a divine society, to which the individual belongs in virtue of his relation to its Head. At the same time this relation involves a life shared with other members of the same body ; no individual can realise either his highest life or any future blessedness apart from the life and the blessedness of the whole society.

The aim of the Christian doctrine is to endow the present with an eternal significance, and to create an organic connexion between this life and the life to come. The aim is accomplished by the union of the believer with Christ. Immortality, judgment, resurrection, are

brought into relation with the Christian's life in the present, inasmuch as they are all involved in the Christian's life in Christ. It is not really a question of time or of the divisions of time; it is an organic life moving through various episodes towards its final summation. The Parousia of Christ called it into existence; the Parousia of Christ will determine its ultimate destiny. There is a true sense in which we can apply the saying to the doctrine of Christian eschatology: "the last shall be first, and the first last."

#### SEXUAL DIMORPHISM.

"Sexual Dimorphism in the Animal Kingdom, a Theory of the Evolution of Secondary Sexual Characters." By J. T. Cunningham. London: Black. 1900. 12s. 6d. net.

THE primary distinction between male and female animals is that the former produce minute, vagrant cells, the active agents in fertilisation, while the latter give rise to larger cells, the eggs, generally incapable of locomotion, and swollen with a larger or smaller bulk of food yolk. Male and female animals may differ in a number of other characters; some of these are plainly associated with the processes of reproduction; others, such as distinctive colouration and ornamentation, possession of special weapons of offence or defence, peculiar physiological or mental disposition, range from a close association with the processes of reproduction to a condition of apparently absolute indifference to them. When the sum of the secondary sexual characters makes the males and females unlike, a sexual dimorphism is said to exist in the species. This form of dimorphism varies extremely even among closely related creatures; a lion and a lioness, for instance, are very different to look at, while a tiger and a tigress are much alike; the gaudy cock-pheasant is extraordinarily different from his sad-coloured partner, while dissection is required to distinguish the sex of a partridge. Many of the secondary sexual characters, and in particular those most closely ancillary to reproduction, are manifestly utilitarian, and offer no problems different in kind from those presented by the general characters of an animal. In a very large number of other cases however, the theory of natural selection appears unsatisfactory. It is difficult to suppose that the coloured rump of a mandril or the ocelli on the wings of the argus pheasant could confer vital advantages on their possessors. To explain such cases as these Darwin elaborated his theory of sexual selection, and endeavoured to show that the possession of many characters, not conferring an advantage in life, might confer an advantage in reproduction, sometimes through the choice of the female, sometimes through struggle amongst the males. A large part of Darwin's "Descent of Man" is occupied by an exposition of the known facts relating to secondary sexual characters and by a discussion of his theory of sexual selection. Mr. Cunningham takes credit to himself for pursuit of the inductive method and his adventure in this matter is an astonishing tribute to Darwin's methods. Thirty years separate the two books; thirty years which have been marked by an immense activity in biological science, and yet after careful comparison, we do not hesitate to say that the reader who wishes to know the facts will obtain a fuller, more interesting and juster appreciation of them by turning to the older writer. Mr. Cunningham has not taken advantage of his opportunities; here and there, it is true, he brings forward observations of recent years as in the case of Mr. Holt's investigation into the habits of fishes or Mr. Vallentin's study of the elephant seal, but he has failed to bring into his inductive series much of the new work that has been done. To take a salient case; he makes no mention of Arachnida although there has recently been published an extremely important and interesting set of observations on the secondary sexual characters of spiders, together with elaborate details of their courting habits. A careful sifting and collection of the observations brought together by Darwin and what has been done since would have had a real value; the plain truth is that Mr. Cunningham has failed to do this.

Partly in his introduction, and partly in the form of a running comment on the cases he adduces, Mr. Cunningham develops his own "theory" of the origin of sexual dimorphism. The first stage in this theory is extremely useful although not novel. It is to show that the degree of sexual dimorphism corresponds with the degree of difference between the habits and mode of life of the male and female. However the differences came into existence, whether natural selection, sexual selection or any other "cause" played a part in producing or establishing them, correspondence between structure and habit is to be expected. So far as the author has analysed the facts and brought out the correspondences, he has done good service to zoology and he has followed in the footsteps of Darwin and the others who have tried to explain the occurrence of the divergences. The more fully we know the relations between peculiar structures and peculiar habits the more likely are we to be in a position to theorise with safety as to the possible parts played by natural and sexual selection and so forth. Mr. Cunningham however goes far beyond this safe ground in his endeavour to support a very precise and definite theory. This theory is no other than what is popularly known as Lamarckism, in its crudest possible form. Writing of the cock, for instance, he says "The comb and wattles are special vascular developments of the skin on the crest of the head and about the cheeks. I see no reason why these should not have been originally due to pecking by the beaks of other birds." In the case of the turkey he says: "In all probability the naked head and neck of the turkey, with the blue and red wattled skin and long fleshy process, are to be regarded as exhibiting the inherited scars of a long line of pugnacious ancestors." He thinks that the large canine teeth, the muscular crests and the loud voice of the male gorilla are the result of increased use. He sets down the bright patches on mandrills to the inherited effects of scratching, the horns of antelopes and deer to the results of butting, the different colouration of dimorphic butterflies to different exposures to light, the gaudy tail of the peacock to stimulation of the feather papillæ due to habitual raising of the tail feathers. The theory has the merit of simplicity; a babe might understand and apply it. There are difficulties, however, in accepting it. The most obvious is the intense strain placed on common sense, observation, and theory in supposing that mechanical causes can possibly produce the extremely varied and complicated structures characteristic of sexual differences. The second is that, however Mr. Cunningham may shrink from the question, the transmission of characters acquired by the individual to his or her descendants is a necessary part of his theory, and, so far as present knowledge goes, experiment and theory are alike against the existence of any common or widespread influence of this kind.

Although we do not find that Neo-Lamarckians such as Mr. Cunningham say what they have to say in any cogent fashion, it is almost certain that their writings call attention to a real gap in biology. The fascinating theories of Darwin were based directly on observation, but very much of post-Darwinian theorising has been purely deductive and has led to the assumption of extreme positions many of which appear altogether incredible to the working naturalist. What is required in theory and what fortunately is actually going on is a return to the methods of direct observation. Biology, for a time, should be done with those writers who fill their pages with phrases such as "it is probable," "it is to be expected," "there would be no difficulty in supposing" and so forth. New facts, new methods of observation, experimental study of the environment in the embryo and in the adult, new methods of dealing with vital statistics, these are the hope of the biological future, and for the present Neo-Darwinian or Neo-Lamarckian Essays may be relegated to their proper places in the debates of mutual improvement societies.

## WARS IN EGYPT.

"The Egyptian Campaigns 1882-1899." By Charles Royle. London: Hurst and Blackett. 1900. 12s. net.

THIS is ancient history but history that deserves to be retold especially when it comes from such a competent writer. Mr. Royle knows his Egypt by heart, having devoted the best years of his life to the service of the country, gaining thus the most intimate acquaintance with all its concerns and the persons who have of late controlled or influenced them. He gives now a succinct comprehensive story of the making of modern Egypt from the foundations laid at Alexandria in a storm of shot and shell to the final overthrow of the Khalifa at Om Debrikat. He has been associated throughout with the principal characters in this marvellous epic and not the least valuable part of his work are his appreciations of many who are becoming fast fading memories of the immediate past. Ismail, Tewfik, Arabi, the Mahdi, Nubar, Zobeir, he tells of them all, and in thumb-nail instantaneous portraiture which has yet photographic accuracy and minuteness. Ismail stands before us as a few still remember him. "Short in stature, heavily and squarely built," Corpulent, dark skinned, yet with a reddish beard; "with one eye startlingly bright and the other almost habitually closed, he gave one the idea of a man of more than ordinary intelligence." His fascinating manner endowed him with an almost mesmeric influence over others; he had unbounded capacity for business, and knew every detail, yet he was ruined by his mad financing and by his three absorbing passions, his desire to make Egypt independent of the Porte, his mania for building palaces and his greed for landed estates. How far these crazes led him was seen in the increase of Egypt's indebtedness under his rule from little more than three millions to ninety millions sterling. Arabi's character and personal traits are also effectively portrayed. The tall burly fellah with the good-natured face, as "noisy as a big drum," to use Ismail's angry criticism, who became a power among his comrades of the military secret society and who was yet of low mental calibre, ignorant, a fanatic and especially hostile to Europeans. "Till they came in such numbers," as he once said, "he was content to ride on a donkey in a blue gown and drink water, now he must drive in a carriage, wear a Stambouli coat and drink champagne." Probably Arabi would be willing to admit that since Great Britain has assumed control, a higher purpose has been set before the fellahs and that settled government with assured and greatly increasing prosperity are the very substantial gifts bestowed by the British occupation.

Judge Royle makes no pretence as a military expert but his account of the several campaigns from 1882 to 1899 are valuable as a plain unvarnished statement of events and operations. He sometimes summarises current opinions however upon each great episode and to this extent his text contains much of value. He justifies Wolseley's attack on the lines of Tel el Kebir as being the best suited to the situation and shows that if it might be counted too rash against other troops and under other conditions, in those circumstances it would not have been attempted. The wisdom of the plan was proved by its complete success. It is unnecessary to follow the writer through his able exposition of the tangled politics which sacrificed Gordon by postponing relief till too late, but his verdict upon the failure of the Nile Expedition may be recorded in his own words: "That they (the troops) did not succeed was owing to the incapacity of those who sent them, at the wrong time, by the wrong route on their fruitless errand," a view in which all will concur except as regards the route, for no advance into the Sudan was possible except as it was made, by the river. It is hardly necessary to follow the writer through the later operations ending with Omdurman, but we may note that, while giving full credit to the Sirdar for his masterly conduct of the campaign, Judge Royle points out with much pertinency that the victory over the Khalifa was greatly assisted by the Dervish leader's mistakes.

This work can be highly commended as a serious con-

tribution to contemporary history but its pages are also constantly brightened by humorous anecdotes, one or two of which are worth repeating. That for instance of the diminutive little midshipman put on sentry at the telegraph office at Ismailia, who stopped all comers stoutly declaring that he was put there to prevent anyone from going in; a bitter sting resented in the words "ces sacrés Anglais veulent se moquer de nous en nous envoyant un gamin comme ça;" or of the British "Tommy" lost in the desert who knew they were once more nearing the Nile from the chant of the water wheels, the "Sakheahs;" "we can't be far off, for I can hear them blooming musical boxes again."

## NOVELS.

"The Rebel: being a Memoir of Anthony, Fourth Earl of Cherwell, set forth by his cousin, Sir Hilary Mace." By H. B. Marriott Watson. London: Heinemann. 1900. 6s.

The reign of Charles II. has a peculiar fascination, due very largely, perhaps, to the peculiar talent of Pepys. It was the cynical aftermath of a heroic period, and the novelist who would write of it needs a certain grim humour. Mr. Marriott Watson has achieved a great success in "The Rebel." The eponymous hero of the book is a Whig noble, hating the Duke of York and his religion, driven to rebellion by a private feud, a man with no lofty thoughts, no frantic enthusiasms, yet full of pride, a very curious successor to the Puritans who fought against James' father. Yet such was Shaftesbury, such in some degree was Monmouth. These cynical men of the world in the end brought about a Revolution more permanent than the Great Rebellion—and their want of ideals corrupted the realm for near a century. Thus Lord Cherwell is of no clay easy to the moulder's fingers. He passes through a brief lurid life to an untimely end, and his life is half redeemed by his chivalry—the virtue was rare in his time—to a girl whom he rescued from shameful honours which many girls then gladly accepted. He is a master of fence, a man of great courage and great readiness. It is a notable portrait. Mr. Watson tells the story in English worthy of it, notwithstanding an air of conscious archaism in some of his periods. The book is perhaps too obviously compact of skilful workmanship, but it marks a great advance on "Princess Xenia."

"The Strong God Circumstance." By Helen Shipton. London: Methuen. 1900. 6s.

This lengthy essay in discursive fiction breathes rather the atmosphere of books than of the world as we know it. One feels that the author is more at home in the rose-garden and the study than amidst the humdrum of important factors that sway everyday existence. Arthur Kenyon the successful college don is by no means a consistent character. The plot against him is no more convincing as to its origin than is the manner in which its victim succumbs to it. Then, whilst it is doubtless a fine idea to make the beautiful Vanessa Carroll forsake the gay world of fashion in which we are led to believe she was so delighted to figure, for the seclusion of village life and the hearth of her rather impossible cousin, the idea is not worked out too carefully. Vanessa's resolve indeed leaves us as it found Redmond Vaughan a little incredulous. It is, again, difficult to conceive of the clever Winifred Marlowe devoting herself for two years to the education of her pretty rustic rival Lesley Sherwin in order that the latter may be fitted to become the wife of the rehabilitated and wealthy young clergyman. But though the book lacks much as regards plot, it is well written. It is full of persuasive and penetrating thoughts on character and social distinctions.

"Nell Gwynn—Comedian: a Novel." By F. Frankfort Moore. London: Pearson. 1900. 6s.

It is almost incredible that Mr. Frankfort Moore should have written, or having written should have consented to publish, this series of sketches unwarrantably styled "a novel." London under the Restoration was in many ways culpable, but it was not dull, and

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the adventures of Nell Gwynn as here set forth are very tedious. There are one or two flashes of the author's old manner, but they seem strangely out of keeping. In fact the book suggests a collection of indifferent charades. There is no real connexion between the various episodes, and they should not have been reprinted from the magazine in which they first appeared. The illustrations are photographs of theatrical supers posing uncomfortably in Restoration costumes : they tend to emphasise the unreality of the whole business. The practice of illustrating books in this way might well be left to the French.

"*The Outsiders.*" By Robert W. Chambers. London : Richards. 1900. 6s.

The fact that the story of "*The Outsiders.*" which deals with a seamy side of New York society, leaves the reader with an aching impression of chaotic piles of forbidding masonry, of affluence and vice jostling with anxiety and poverty, is perhaps a tribute to the author's descriptive powers. But Mr. Chambers would do greater justice to himself were he to moderate his indulgence in the intoxicating pleasure of word-painting. Of the "unclassed" members of society to whom he introduces us some are entertaining, one or two are interesting.

"*From Door to Door.*" By Bernard Capes. London : Blackwood. 1900. 6s.

This collection of "Romances, Fantasies, Whimsies, and Levities" might more aptly have been named "*From Darkness to Darkness,*" for its chapters are always confused and sometimes unintelligible. Mr. Capes' sketches are as slight in incident as they are ponderous in expression, though it would be unfair to say that he is not original when we find such phrases as "a spirit sublimated of the under mysteries of earth and ocean" or "earth's tegument torn from yet adhering to its substratum by a forest of glutinous and elastic fibres."

#### NEW BOOKS AND REPRINTS.

"*Chalmers on Charity.*" By Thomas Chalmers, D.D. Edited by N. Masterman. London : Constable. 1900. 7s. 6d.

This book is a selection of passages to illustrate the social teaching and practical work of the celebrated Scottish divine, orator, and economist Dr. Chalmers. The particular thesis which the selections are intended to support is shortly that Dr. Chalmers by his work in Scotland, proved theoretically and practically that our State poor law is based on a false foundation, that its history shows the progressive demoralisation of the poor as a consequence, that it is necessary for the destruction of pauperism that all poor laws should be abolished and parochial voluntary organisations substituted for them. We are not surprised that a member of the Charity Organisation Society should rejoice to humanise the doctrines of his Society and present them in a more favourable view than they are usually presented in the commonplace and soulless advocacy of some of its spokesmen, by invoking the lofty eloquence and Christian genius of the notable Doctor. The book is in truth deeply interesting because it gives Dr. Chalmers' thoughts in his own language on the great subject of poverty and the poor. That still retains its importance, and it is revivified by the eloquence which advocated so many other themes which have either now to a great extent lost their original interest or are treated by more modern methods. Dr. Chalmers was a great man : he showed it by his elimination of pauperism from his parish in Glasgow. But his system depended for its continuance on his successors being equally great ; and the system of poor relief which requires a Dr. Chalmers in every parish is hardly destined to permanency, though no doubt it would be the best if it were possible. There are quite a number of other desirable things however of which the same may be said. Given the fervour of the original Apostles in the churches, and the economic wisdom of Dr. Chalmers as a perpetual power directing it, then State aid might be discarded. Otherwise with all its defects it seems that in the meantime it must be retained. Our hospital relief is not so complicated a matter as poor relief, but how long will it be before the philanthropy which has established Hospital Sunday will need to be made part of the public conscience and be supplied with its organ in the State ?

"*Below the Surface.*" By Major-General Fendal Currie. London : Constable. 1900. 6s.

It is below the surface of Indian life that General Currie invites his readers to follow him. Not a long journey it is true, for he does not go very deep, but at least he reaches a stratum

that is hidden from the tourist who kodaks the country in three strenuous months. Books of this class are not as common as they should be. An official who has spent his time in the ordinary routine of work and life in Indian districts is generally disinclined to put his experiences on record. He does not realise that what have become absolute commonplaces to him, have novelty and value for those whose lines have fallen in other places. It is in the narrative of ordinary incidents, the hum-drum every day round and the rare excitements which ripple the social or official calm that the true life of the country and its rulers may be learned. General Currie digs deep enough to expose the strange working of the mind of the native and give glimpses of his ways and habits. It is done too with a kindly tenderness for his little weaknesses—a just appreciation of his virtues and a straightforward abhorrence of his frauds and his callous indifference to suffering. The General deals impartially with the rulers as well as the ruled. His outspoken criticism of the radical measures for local self-government which Lord Ripon forced on an inconceivably conservative community is enlivened with anecdotes which would give new ideas to a War Office contractor.

"*Corpus Poetarum Latinorum.*" Fasc. iii. Edidit J. P. Postgate. London : Bell. 1900. 9s. net.

The third part of Mr. Postgate's new "*Corpus Poetarum Latinorum*" contains the works of Grattius, Manilius, Phædrus, Persius, Lucan and Valerius Flaccus, together with the "*Aetna*" of disputed authorship. Mr. Postgate has himself revised the text of Grattius, Professor Bechert that of Manilius, and Dr. Gow that of Phædrus, while Professor Robinson Ellis, Mr. Summers, Mr. Heitland and Professor Bury are responsible respectively for the "*Aetna*," Persius, Lucan and Valerius Flaccus. The names of these scholars are a sufficient guarantee of the quality, as is the "apparatus criticus" of the quantity, of their work. It is perhaps somewhat irritating to find Persius, or Lucan for the matter of that, in such inferior company, but after all the minor poets have their merits, though it is to be feared that many purchasers of this volume will leave most of its pages permanently uncut. The "*Corpus*" when complete will consist of four parts, or two volumes. It might have been better to discard the strictly chronological arrangement, and to include in the first volume all the recognised classics, of whatever date, reserving the second volume for those lesser poets, whose writings are, to speak generally, of little interest except to specialists. This however is a matter of opinion. A far more serious defect, especially to be regretted in what needs must be regarded as a standard work, is that the letterpress is such as to put an undue strain on any but the best eyesight.

"*The Maritime Code of the German Empire.*" Translated by W. Arnold. London : Effingham Wilson. 1900. 6s. net.

This is an extremely well done translation of the new German Maritime Code which came into force in the early part of this year. English business men who are connected with the shipping of goods to and from the German Empire, with insurance, with the chartering of German vessels, in short with any contracts where his interpretation may depend wholly or partially on the interpretation of German maritime law, will find this edition of the code of the utmost service.

"*Burdett's Hospitals and Charities, 1900*" (London : The Scientific Press) is not only "the year book of philanthropy and hospital annual" but the almost indispensable companion of all who are in any way concerned with charity. No pains are spared to make it a thoroughly trustworthy guide, and its utility at home may be gauged by the fact that abroad it is in request by the faculty. In addition to particular references to hospitals, it contains chapters dealing generally with hospital administration, finance and construction.

#### ITALIAN LITERATURE.

*La Signorina.* By Gerolamo Rovetta. Milan : Baldini Castoldi. 1900. 4 lire.

Signor Rovetta's last novel, which is divided into four books, opens well and even brilliantly. In the first book there is a happy lightness of touch, admirable character-drawing, pathos, wit, even humour as we English understand it, and an entirely possible and natural duel. Francesco Roero, a rising playwright and a young gentleman of considerable substance, is whirled into acting as second in the duel of an eccentric out-at-elbows journalist friend who, by the way, is presented to us in an admirably vivid bit of portraiture. The journalist is killed, but with his latest breath commands to Roero's everlasting care what he thought to be a pet terrier, Lulu, but which after an adventurous search proves to be a charming child of four, Lulu, the journalist's illegitimate daughter, the "Signorina" of the story. It is ever so pretty and pathetic an incident. Roero takes charge of the little living legacy, and the embarrassments of the fashionable young Milanese writer and his old manservant are very comically brought out. But then, alas ! the book, in spite of many redeeming features, begins to go to pieces ; character-drawing remains, but lightness of touch has vanished, wit and humour have evaporated, and pathos has

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given place to sentimentality. The fault is in the main due to the appearance upon the scene of a certain flawless old Signorina Eugenia, improvised as the child's adoptive mother and governess, who is a rather impossible person and most decidedly a bit of a bore. Roero, a clever, attractive, warm-hearted fellow, loses all our sympathies by wasting ten years of his life in running after somebody else's wife in the stale fashion which has wearied us in so many Italian novels. He, as a consequence, becomes vulgar and selfish, and, in the end, we grudge him his unmerited good fortune in getting the charming little signorina to wife. Signor Rovetta is a busy writer and has a very facile pen: he seems to us to have worked too rapidly at this book. We believe that with greater pains and a little less padding, he would have successfully produced, what he has really come very near doing, a novel of modern Italian life that would have been gladly read in any language.

*Come le Foglie: Comedia in Quattro Atti.* By Giuseppe Giacosa. Milan: Treves. 1900. 4 lire.

This comedy was produced for the first time at the Manzoni Theatre in Milan on 31 January of the present year, and has everywhere been received with extraordinary favour except in discriminating Rome. We delayed our notice of the book until we had had an opportunity of seeing the play upon the stage. As we rather feared, it is better to read than to see acted. Signor Giacosa is one of the best, perhaps the best, of living Italian playwrights, but he has fallen under the influence of Ibsen and Sudermann, and the grey influences of Scandinavia and East Prussia mix ill with the naturally sunny humour of an Italian. Signor Giacosa's play has a "purpose" and is psychological: there is no great harm in this perhaps, but it is annoying that the modern playwright cannot let his psychology and his purpose be taken for granted as things natural to life, but must be forever thrusting them on the playgoer's notice lest haply he should not have the wit to see that here is volition and the want of volition, strength, weakness, hereditary influences, analysis, in short the whole paraphernalia that go to make up the blessed word "psychology." But this defect apart, Signor Giacosa has produced a strong play, if with a weak plot. The prose of it is fine, the dialogue smooth though not always natural, the character-drawing clear, the motive well, even too well, defined, and there is an abundance of happy epigram that clings rather pleasantly to the memory. The deus ex machina, Massimo, who saves all that is worth saving of this family that is breaking up like the season of autumn and falling like leaves (*come le foglie*), has the great merit of being natural and no mere machine. He is a real living man with a clear brain and a distinct object in life, and he does much to condone the shortcomings of the play, and to calm our nerves in its more lacrimose portions. We have long wished to see a drama of modern Italian life upon the English stage. We believe Signor Giacosa to be the man who could write such a drama, but we are reluctantly obliged to confess that he has not done so in "*Come le Foglie*".

(Continued on page 788.)

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23 June, 1900

*Nord e Sud.* By Francesco Saverio Nitti. Turin : Roux. 1900. 3 lire.

*Nord e Sud!* North and South! The sharp contrast between the two, their quintessential differences, are fast developing a momentous question in the Peninsula. In our issue of 2 June, a correspondent, Mr. W. Miller, called emphatic attention to the subject, and to the recent manifestation of certain separatist tendencies. Professor Nitti, though an ardent Southerner, is anything but a separatist; while admitting that it has cost the South dear, he sings the praises of the modern Unity. He asks justice for the South, he propounds schemes for a juster distribution of taxation and so forth, but only in the name of the general welfare, and not of regional interests. But he is refreshingly outspoken about existing abuses, and has even the unwonted courage to praise the past where it merits praise, averring that the Bourbons sinned from timidity and not out of ferocity, and that their financial administration was good and even honest. Indeed we may add that the dispossessed sovereigns of Italy left their exchequers well plenished and their consolidated funds above par. The book is highly technical and full of valuable statistical matter. Professor Nitti is already favourably known in England by the translation of his works on Catholic Socialism, Poor Relief in Italy, and Agricultural Contracts in South Italy, and the present work is eminently worthy of elaborate summary for English readers.

*Poeti, Proscatori e Filosofi nel Secolo che muore.* By Giuseppe Checchia. Caserta : Marino. 1900. 4 lire.

This is a curious book, for while it is verbose and heavy, we are constrained to praise it for its usefulness. It consists of prosy essays on literature and cognate subjects (one of them bears the title "Of the Historic-evolutionary method in Literary Criticism"), but buried away in the essays are a number of useful little biographies and appreciations of Italians of the present century, novelists, poets, historians, philosophers and scientists. Hence the title. There must be quite three hundred characters more or less biographically treated in the volume, and a full index to them helps us to find our way about in the maze with comfort. It is impossible that the foreigner seeking for information about modern Italians should be other than extremely grateful to Professor Checchia for his valuable assistance. If he fails to interest us profoundly, if he has not produced a book that one would wish to read without a break, his work has the time-honoured merit of utility and the yet greater merit of a sound and healthy judgment.

*Santa Caterina da Siena.* By Caterina Pignorini Beri. Florence : Barbèra. 1900. 2 lire.

This is the latest addition to Signor Barbèra's "Pantheon" of lives of illustrious Italians and foreigners, a series to which we have already called attention. A life of a saint is always difficult to write, the life of Saint Catherine more difficult than that of most saints. Signora Pignorini Beri has been infinitely painstaking and is a conscientious worker, but she has been somewhat dazzled by the greatness of her subject and, taking refuge behind the many natural virtues of Catherine Benincasa, shrinks from a bold, free treatment of the supernatural element in the life of Saint Catherine. There is no need to be a believer in the supernatural to write a good life of a saint : M. Sabatier's "Vie de St. François" is a standing witness to the fact : but the supernatural element must ever be the dominant note in any account of a saint if we are to reproduce the impression he made upon his contemporaries and succeeding generations. Signora Pignorini is Dominican in her sympathies, and (perhaps in consequence of this) seems in one passage to have been led into confounding the Friars Minor and the Fraticelli, and condemning the former with the latter wholesale. Moreover she has the modern tendency to a sociological treatment of the "times" at the expense of the "life" of the saint. But none of these blemishes are pronounced, and the book by its attractive form, cheapness, and the authoritative standing of the publishing house, is sure to reach and (we hope) to instruct a large class of Italians who have become indifferent to the saints, and far too indifferent to the great past of their glorious country.

*Litteratura Drammatica.* By Dr. Cesare Levi. (Manuali Hoepli.) Milan : Hoepli. 1900. 3 lire.

Signor Ulrico Hoepli's "Manuals" are a notable and most serviceable factor in contemporary and Italian literature. It is the age of primers and manuals, of knowledge made cheap and easy, but the Hoepli "Manuals" have the merit of not being of uniform size and price. Due regard is had to the importance of the subject. The "Numismatic Vocabulary," for instance, (though in seven tongues) costs but a livre and a half and consists of but 134 pages ; while the manual of "Materia Medica" embraces 761 pages and costs seven and a half livres. The "Litteratura Drammatica" is the latest addition to this valuable series and is beyond all praise on the score of completeness, ranging from the earliest Greeks to Sudermann, Rostand, Maeterlinck, Pinero and Giacosa. It is true that the chapter on the modern English theatre might easily be criticised for sins of omission, but then Dr. Levi is writing for Italians not for Englishmen. Since, however, he has spared a paragraph for Mr. W. S. Gilbert we think that he should have made refer-

ence to the Savoy operas, and since he includes Mr. Harry Paulton he should not have omitted Mr. Sydney Grundy and Mr. Brandon Thomas. We have also received from Signor Hoepli—if a little late in the day it is none the less welcome—the third edition of Dr. Scartazzini's "Divina Commedia" (Milan, 1899, lire 3.50). But few additions have been found possible to a work that was already so nearly perfect, and yet Dr. Scartazzini, in his preface, states that he has now corrected several hundred errors. The second edition consisted of 1034 pages, the third runs to 1042. We are glad to notice that Dr. Luigi Polacco's name now figures on the title-page of the "Rimario" as its compiler. In the second edition he was but mentioned in the preface, and the honour and glory due to him was thus easily overlooked or forgotten.

*Vistilia : Scene Liriche per la Musica di Pietro Mascagni.* By Giovanni Targioni-Tozzetti and Guido Menasci. Livorno : Belforte. 1900. 2 lire.

The libretto of an opera in these days is a very different thing from the libretto of old times. In old times the verses of a libretto were but so many convenient pegs upon which to hang so much music ; in these days it is sometimes a work of art, a dramatic poem. To such great importance has the libretto risen, that it is sometimes for the delectation of the public and the judgment of literary critics, before even the score which it is to illustrate has been completed. Just as we are completing this conspectus of recent Italian literature we have received, bearing the printer's date of 14 June, the libretto of the opera "Vistilia" upon which the Maestro Mascagni is at present working, we believe only in the initial stages. It is the handiwork of Signori Targioni-Tozzetti and Guido Menasci, well-known poets in Italy each in his own field, and well known all the world over as the authors of the libretto of "Cavalleria Rusticana." In "Vistilia" they have produced quite a remarkable work. The subject, which we regret that we have not the space to summarise, is classical (Imp. Tiberio), and in the whole book there are not two rhymed lines. Much of the dialogue takes the form of fine swinging hexameters (Livio Salico's news of Titidio should inspire the tamest musician), and the songs take the shape of a variety of classical metres. The authors have by this use of classical forms succeeded in conveying with a subtlety that cannot but delight scholars the very atmosphere of classical life. It is, in the form of it, quite a new departure in opera, and we look forward with interest to the complement—the music and the stage representation.

*Catalogo Generale della Libreria dall' anno 1847 a tutto il 1899.*

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23 June, 1900

## The Saturday Review.

The Subscription List will be Opened on FRIDAY, June 22nd, 1900, and Close on or before WEDNESDAY, June 27th, 1900.

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By order,

FRANK BUSH,  
Secretary.

Offices 4709A Old Kent Road, London, S.E.  
9th June, 1900.

Tender Box, 10, Old Kent Road, London, S.E.

23 June, 1900

**BONANZA, LIMITED.****CAPITAL - - - - - £200,000.****INTERIM REPORT****For Twelve Months ending 30th April, 1900.****Directors.**E. BIRKENRUTH.  
F. MOSENTHAL.R. W. SCHUMACHER, Chairman.  
C. S. GOLDMANN (alternate W. ADYE).  
W. T. GRAHAM.**Manager.**

FRANCIS H. SPENCER.

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R. E. JAY.**Transfer Secretary.**  
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**REPORT OF DIRECTORS****For the Financial Year ending 30th April, 1900.****To the Shareholders,**

BONANZA, LIMITED.

GENTLEMEN.—Your Directors have pleasure in submitting to you their Report for the year ending 30th April, 1900, together with Balance Sheet and Profit and Loss Account. The accounts submitted are unaudited since 31st July, 1899, and are compiled from the records available at the Company's office in Cape Town. Properly certified documents will be issued to you as soon as possible.

Shortly before the outbreak of hostilities, the Company, after having strictly observed all the laws of the land, had been forced finally to suspend mining operations by the act of the Government of the South African Republic in refusing any guarantee of safety to the men who might remain at work until the outbreak of the war which then appeared imminent.

War was declared by the Government of the South African Republic on 11th October, 1899, and on 13th October the authorities took forcible possession of the Bonanza, Limited. The Chairman thereupon addressed a forcible protest to the Minister of Mines, Pretoria, pointing out that the Company, until the outbreak of war, had taken every step to ensure the continuation of work, and had succeeded in this in spite of the proclamations issued by the Government to the men, which had been considered by them to be most unsatisfactory and vague; that after the Company had been forced to discontinue operations—practically by the attitude of the Government itself—the latter now had forcibly taken possession of the mine with the view of working it itself against all the interests of the shareholders of the Company. The Chairman thereupon requested that the mine should be immediately restored to the care of the persons connected with it.

This protest was warmly supported by the French Consul, M. Colombe, acting on behalf of the French shareholders. The Minister of Mines visited Johannesburg shortly afterwards, but no satisfaction could be obtained, and the Government of the South African Republic has been working the property since the above date.

In concert with other mining companies on the Witwatersrand Gold Fields, your Directors decided, in September, 1899, to pay a special bonus of £25 to every workman who would remain at work until forced to leave through the outbreak of hostilities. The object of this decision was to keep the mine at work as long as possible, and at the same time to show the Company's appreciation of the loyalty of the men in having remained at their posts at the mine in spite of the extreme uncertainty of the political outlook. It was also decided by the Directors that the heads of the various departments should, after the conclusion of hostilities and on the resumption of work, receive one half of their salaries covering a period of four months from 1st November, 1899. Since then it has been resolved to continue this payment for a further period of two months, and then again for two months more, in all to 30th June, 1900, as it is of the utmost importance that members of the staff should return to their posts immediately on the cessation of hostilities. These measures will, doubtless, have the fullest approval of shareholders.

**ACCOUNTS.**

The accounts submitted show that during the period under review, gold to the value of £152,403 4s. 11d. has been won at a cost of £48,632 13s. 9d., leaving a

profit on working operations of £103,762 11s. 9d., equal to £3 8s. 9d. per ton crushed, which must be considered most satisfactory. This profit is apart from the sum of £3,632 8s. 5d., which has accrued from interest and sundry revenue.

Gold estimated at the value of £9,300 was seized by the Government of the South African Republic on 2nd October, 1899, and on the departure of the acting manager on 14th October a further amount, valued at £7,080, which had been placed with the Company's Bankers for safe custody, was also taken possession of. The Insurance Company, with whom the Gold was insured, repudiates liability, and as this matter is now *sub judice* your Directors can only assure you that every effort will be made to protect the interests of the Company.

The Cash and Cash Assets, including the Gold and also the stores seized by the Government, amount to £129,888 5s. 10d., after deducting all liabilities except the old 5 per cent. tax on profits which has been neglected. It will be seen, therefore, that the Company will be in a position to pay a handsome dividend as soon as the Mine is once more being worked for the benefit of the shareholders. The policy of husbanding all cash resources until the political horizon is once more clear will, we trust, meet with the entire support of all shareholders.

It will be noticed that in the Balance Sheet there is, figuring under "Sundry Debtors," a claim against the Johannesburg Pioneer G. M. Co., Ltd. This claim amounts to £1,153 11s. 9d., and is owing to damage caused to the property of the Bonanza, Ltd., by a caving in of the Pioneer Mine. This matter will receive the full attention of your Directors on their return to Johannesburg.

**MACHINERY AND PLANT.**

During the year under review it was decided, upon the recommendation of the Manager, to abandon the Siemens and Halske process for the treatment of slimes and to erect an installation for the Zinc process instead. It will be noticed from the accounts that the expenditure in connection with this matter, as well as with the purchase of a new mill engine and sundry other extensions, has been charged to working costs.

No provision has been made for any depreciation, as the plant stands in the books at extremely low values, and as from all accounts no very serious damage has as yet been done to the plant by the Government employees. The ordering of spare parts of machinery as well as of sundry other supplies, to enable the resumption of work to take place with as little delay as possible, is now receiving the attention of your management.

**GENERAL.**

The Company's Title Deeds were removed from the South African Republic prior to the Declaration of War, and since then every precaution has been taken to safeguard the interests of the shareholders.

RAYMOND W. SCHUMACHER, Chairman.  
W. ADYE, Director.

CAPE TOWN,  
29th May, 1900.

23 June, 1900

## The Saturday Review.

## BONANZA, LIMITED—Continued.

## PROVISIONAL REVENUE AND EXPENDITURE SHEET for Twelve Months ending 30th April, 1900.

On a basis of 30,191 tons milled.

EXPENDITURE.			REVENUE.		
	Cost per ton.	Cost.		Value per ton.	Value.
	£ s. d.	£ s. d.		£ s. d.	£ s. d.
To Mining .. .. ..	12 10'66	19,466 19 4	By Mill Gold .. .. ..	3 2 5'15	94,240 8 0
" Milling .. .. ..	4 0'26	6,071 16 11	" Cyanide Gold .. .. ..	1 7 1'08	40,884 16 1
" Cyaniding (Sands) .. .. ..	3 5'32	5,277 5 8	" Gold in Suspense (Seized by the Government of South African Republic) ..	0 11 5'35	17,280 0 0
" " (Slimes) .. .. ..	1 6'85	9,371 10 1	" Interest .. .. ..	0 2 0'96	3,153 5 5
General Expenses:—			Sundry Revenue—		
Audit Fees .. .. ..	183 15 0		Rent, &c. .. .. ..	130 3 0	
Directors' Fees .. .. ..	64 1 0		Sale of Slimes .. .. ..	350 0 0	
Bonus voted General Meeting, 20/6/99 .. .. ..	2,260 0 0				0 0 3'86 480 3 0
Claim Licences .. .. ..	84 0 0				
Head Office Expenses .. .. ..	532 15 10				
London and Paris Agencies .. .. ..	960 0 0				
	2 8'13	4,084 11 10			
Crushing and Sorting .. .. ..	1 8'70	2,604 19 0			
" Development Redemption .. .. ..	4 0	6,038 4 0			
" Machinery Expenditure—					
Compressor Extension .. .. ..	530 14 11				
Fire Service .. .. ..	38 15 1				
New Mill Engine .. .. ..	2,214 7 9				
Installation Zinc Process.. .. ..	1,029 9 2				
	1 10'36	2,813 6 11			
	1 12 2'08	48,622 13 9			
" Balance to Profit and Loss Account .. .. ..	3 11 2'32	107,415 19 7			
	5 3 4'40	£156,038 13 4			
				£5 3 4'40	£156,038 13 4

## PROVISIONAL PROFIT AND LOSS ACCOUNT for Twelve Months ending 30th April, 1900.

	£ s. d.	£ s. d.
o Bonus paid to employees to remain on Mine until suspension of operations .. .. ..	1,830 0 0	
" Government (of the Z.A.R.) 5 per cent. tax underestimated on claim at 30/4/99 .. .. ..	794 1 2	
" Retention Pay allowance to heads of departments .. .. ..	2,251 13 4	
Balance .. .. ..	151,060 8 10	
	£155,936 3 3	
By Balance at 30th April, 1899 .. .. ..	48,520 3 8	
" Revenue and Expenditure—		
Balance of Account .. .. ..	107,415 19 7	
	£155,936 3 3	

## PROVISIONAL BALANCE SHEET for Twelve Months ending 30th April, 1900.

LIABILITIES.		ASSETS.	
	£ s. d.		£ s. d.
To Capital Account:—			
200,000 Shares at £1 each .. .. ..	200,000 0 0		
Sundry Creditors:—			
Including unpaid Trade Accounts for month September, 1899 ..	4,819 1 8		
Sundry Shareholders:—			
Unclaimed Dividends I. to V .. .. ..	802 12 0		
Balance .. .. ..	151,060 8 10		
	£155,682 3 6		
By Claims .. .. ..			
Permanent Works—Shafts .. .. ..	10,067 16 9		
Development .. .. ..	31,060 11 0		
Machinery and Plant .. .. ..	41,533 8 0		
Buildings .. .. ..	10,470 16 0		
Sundry Debtors (including claim against Johannesburg Pioneer G. M. Company, Limited) .. .. ..	2,381 3 3		
Live Stock and Vehicles .. .. ..	312 0 0		
Office Furniture .. .. ..	148 0 0		
Investments .. .. ..	1 0 0		
Stores .. .. ..	6,112 18 2		
Cash:—			
H. Eckstein & Co., Johannesburg ..	19,100 8 9		
H. Eckstein & Co., London ..	89,361 13 3		
Mine Account .. .. ..	159 1 1		
Cape Town Office Account .. .. ..	851 8 9		
Standard Bank, Johannesburg ..	1,812 16 7		
	£11,085 10 3		
Gold seized by the Z.A.R. Government, valued at, say .. .. ..	17,309 0 0		
	£128,594 10 5		
	£155,682 3 6		

RAYMOND W. SCHUMACHER, Chairman.

W. ADYE, Director.

R. E. JAY, Secretary.

23 June, 1903

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